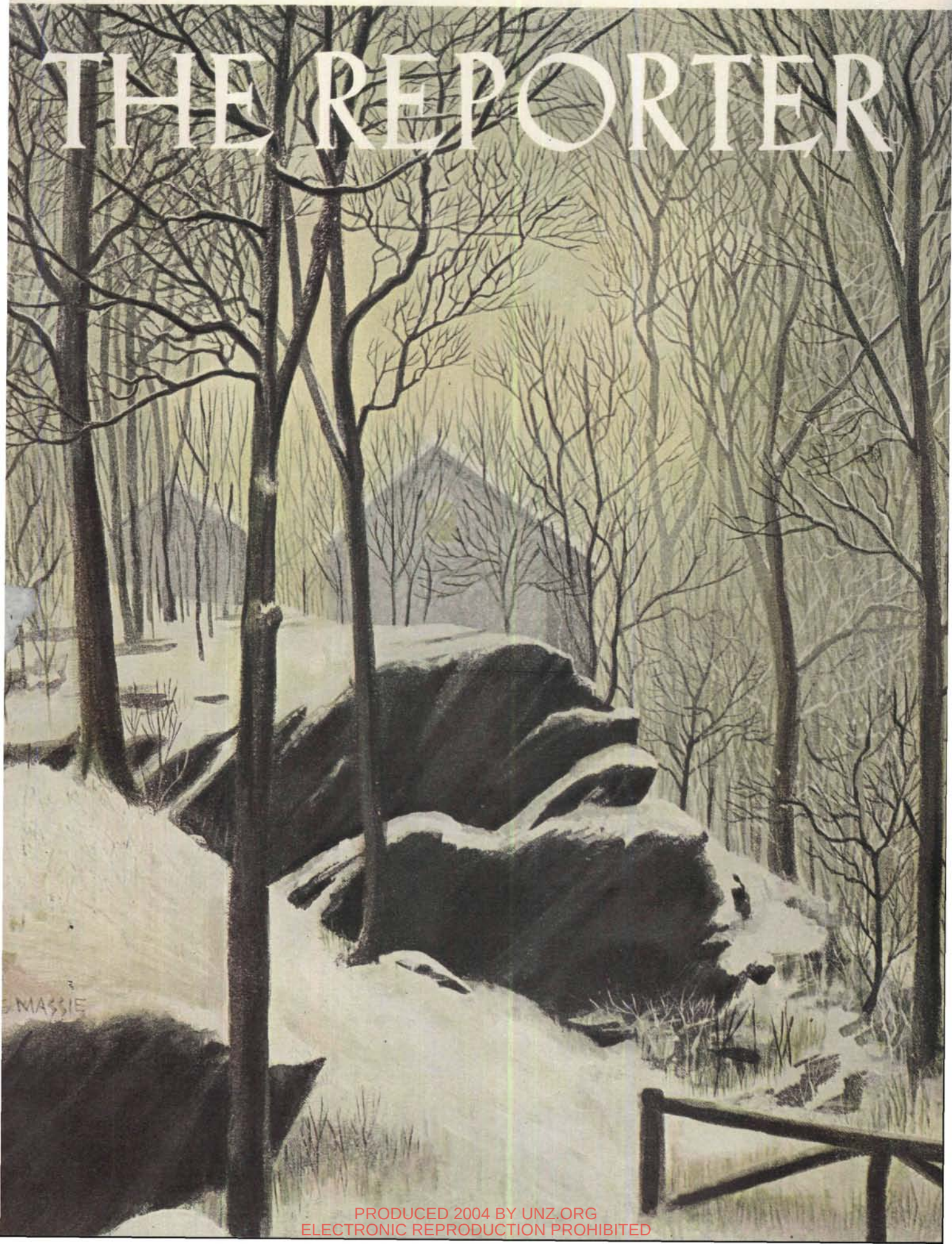
Our New President

December 19, 1963 35¢

Paul VI and the Bishops

THE REPORTER



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Thank you, darling, but I'm not the eggnog type

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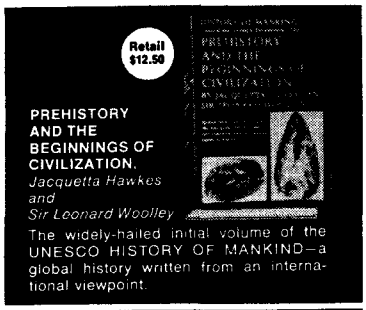

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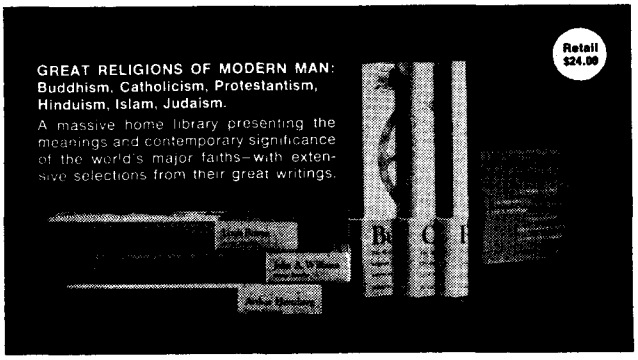

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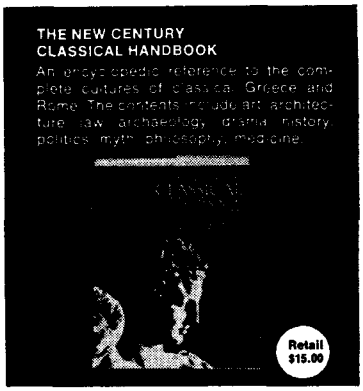

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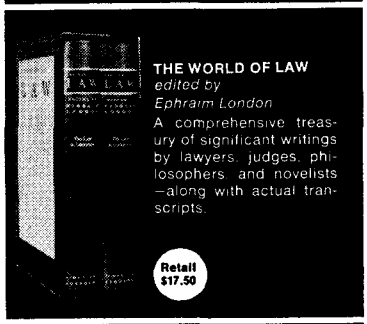

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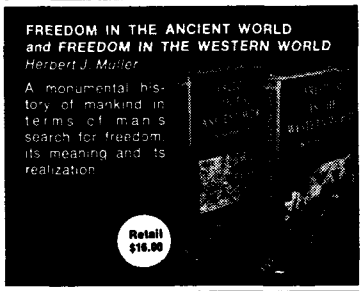

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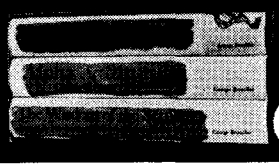

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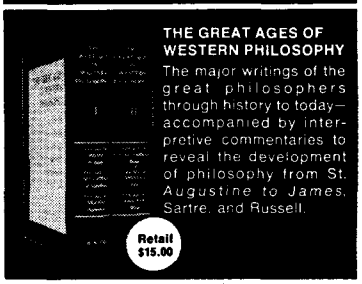

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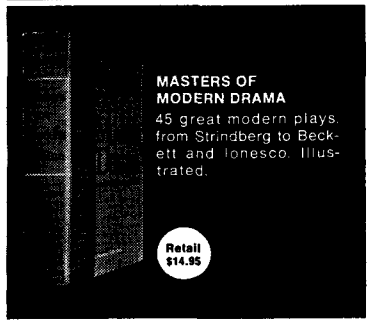

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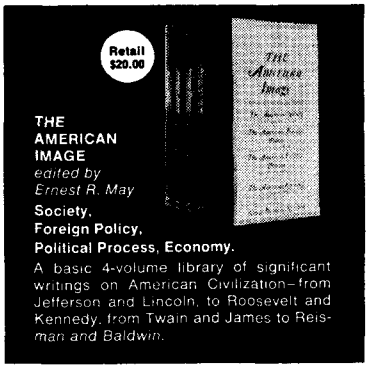

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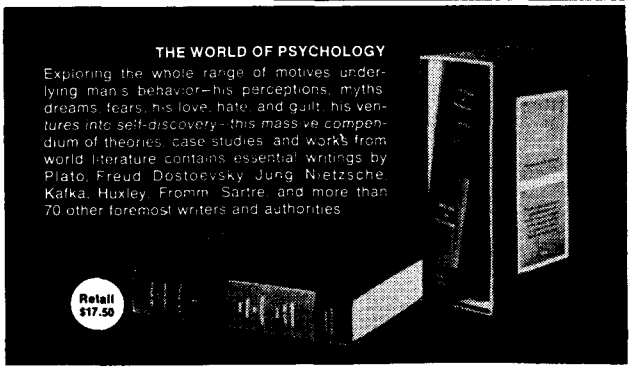

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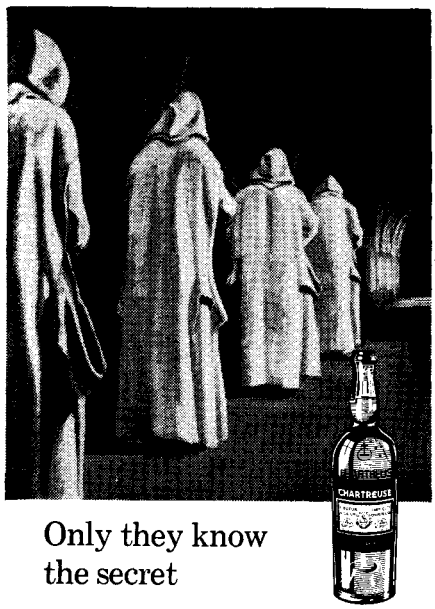

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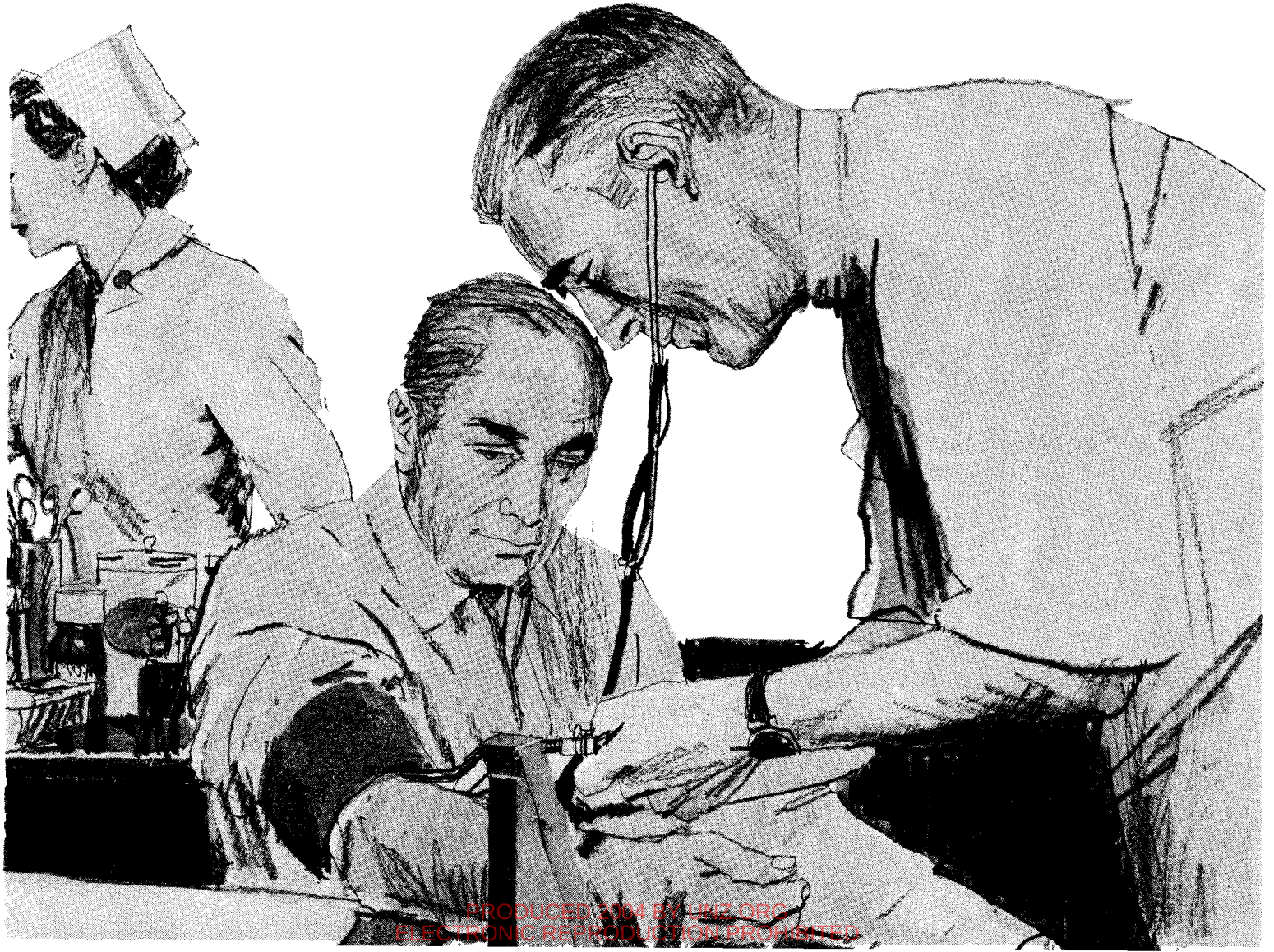

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WHO– WHAT– WHY–

BEFORE the last issue closed we had just time to express our numbed grief at the assassination of President Kennedy, but experiences of that nature, lived for four horrid, unforgettable days, remain within each one of us for a very, very long time. This is particularly so since the tragedy has had no catharsis. In his editorial in the last issue **Max Ascoli** paid his respects to the memory of President Kennedy. He wrote it on November 22, a few hours after the President died. In this issue's editorial he considers the appalling responsibilities that face President Johnson and the extraordinary quality of this unique institution of ours, the Presidency. Our way of selecting the nation's leaders is not exactly the most rational in the world, but one must add that on the whole our country has been lucky. Toward the turn of the century Lord Bryce had some very harsh things to say about the caliber of the American Presidents since the end of the Civil War. This trend no longer prevails.

Marya Mannes writes about what millions of us felt as we watched television on those days from the early afternoon of Friday to the end of Monday. We are glad that it is Marya Mannes who tells us this tale of universal suffering.

Douglass Cater, our national affairs editor, has drawn on a long and intimate knowledge of LBJ, the senator, the Vice-President, and the man. . . . The other big unanswered question in Washington concerns Congress. Even the congressmen themselves are uncertain how the death of President Kennedy has affected public attitudes toward his programs. One thing is certain, **Meg Greenfield** reports, and that is that Congress is begging for leadership. . . . One of the most disturbing afterthoughts on the assassination concerns the line of succession after the Vice-President. **Lindsay Rogers,** long associated with Columbia University and the author of several books and articles on government, tells how the question of succession has been dealt with in our history and suggests how the two gentlemen in line for the succession can remedy the situation.

THE SECOND SESSION of the great Ecumenical Council in Rome has ended. Under a new Pope, Paul VI, the work started by John XXIII has been pursued. **Osbert Hastings** is a British correspondent in Rome. . . . At first sight, Louisville, Kentucky, seems to have made commendable progress toward racial integration. **Hunter S. Thompson,** however, in reporting from this Southern city that "has integrated itself right out of the South," discusses the formidable hurdles that lie ahead of the Negro even after the barriers of militant prejudice have been passed. Mr. Thompson is a free-lance writer. . . . Iraq has seen its third successful military coup in five and a half years. **David Holden** writes from Baghdad that after many disappointments, the Iraqi people are apathetic and bitter about the failure of any of these coups to do more than merely provide reason for yet another. Mr. Holden is a correspondent for *The Guardian* of England.

IN HIS ESSAY on Hemingway and Faulkner, **Alfred Kazin** points out the radically diverging attitudes the two men showed in their art and in their lives. Mr. Kazin's latest book is *Contemporaries* (Little, Brown). His *On Native Grounds* (Harcourt, Brace & World) is available, abridged, in Anchor paperback, and Evergreen paperback has issued his autobiographical *A Walker in the City*. . . . **Charles Edward Eaton** makes a third appearance in our pages ("The Pretenders," September 13, 1962; "Chores," September 26, 1963). His most recent volume of poems is *Countermoves* (Abelard). . . . **John William Ward,** who reviews Oscar Handlin's meditation on the American people and their history, is at the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences in Stanford, California. . . . **Anne Fremantle,** author and editor, considers the age of the Enlightenment as reflected in the essays of Professor Albert Salomon. Her *The Social Teachings of the Church,* a Mentor-Omega paperback original, will be published this month. Among other books by Mrs. Fremantle published by Mentor are *The Age of Belief, Mao Tse-Tung,* and *This Little Band of Prophets: The British Fabians*. . . . **Sarel Eimerl** is a frequent contributor. . . . For the record, the December 5 cover was by **Ronald Christensen.**

Our Christmas cover, as in past years, is by *The Reporter's* art director, **Reg Massie.**

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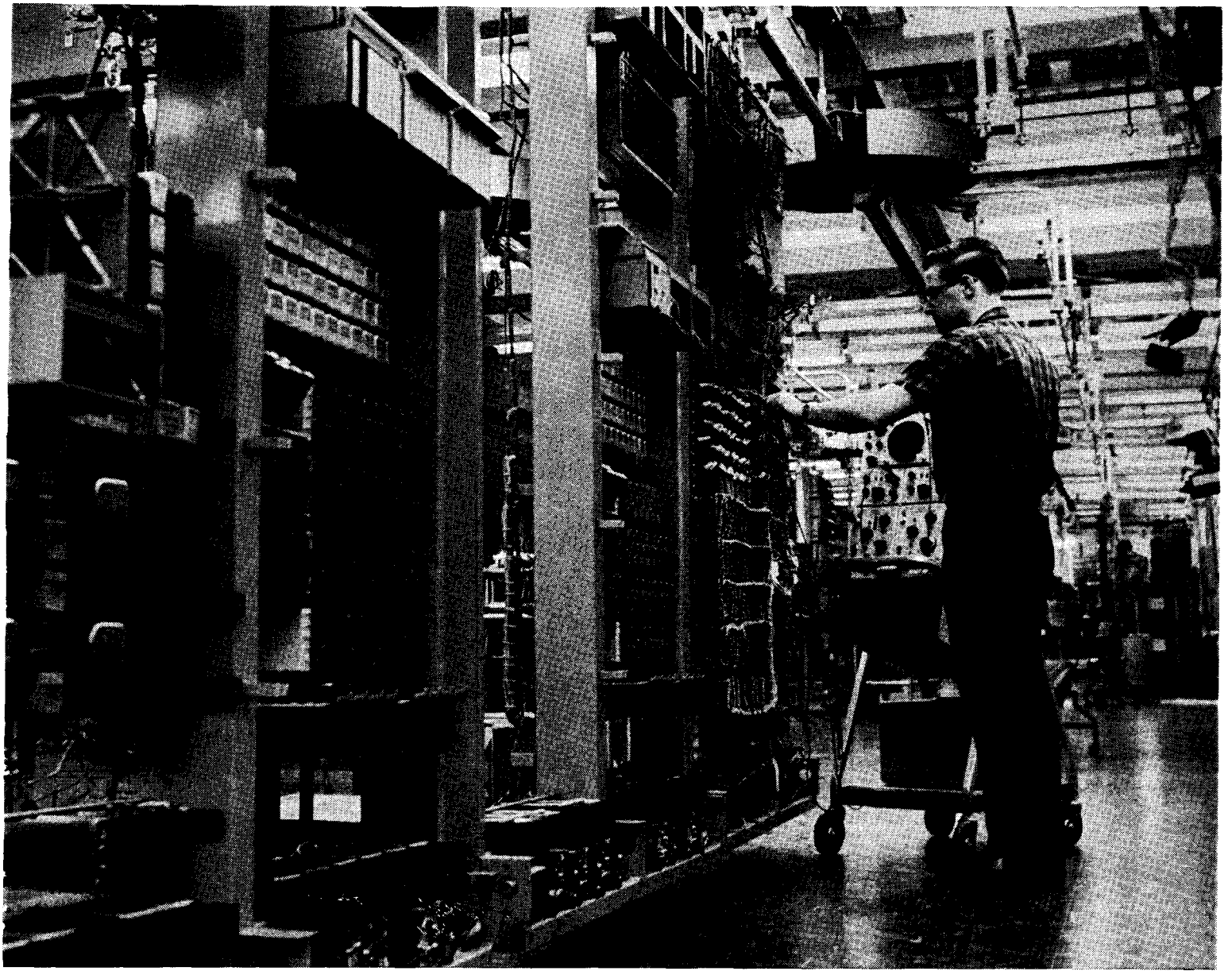

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DE GAULLE AND VIETNAM

To the Editor: I appreciate Bernard Fall's desire to clarify and explain "What de Gaulle Actually Said About Vietnam" (*The Reporter,* October 24), and to chastise Washington for its "emotional overreaction." But I'm afraid the results are not convincing. Personally, I can find no more realism or propriety in President de Gaulle's remarks after reading Mr. Fall than I could before.

As to the realism of a unified and independent Vietnam, I gather that Mr. Fall agrees, too, that however laudable the objective it could only occur through "some unspecified miracle." What constructive purpose is served by one ally (France) invoking miracles when another ally (the United States) is faced with grim and costly realities in Vietnam? President Kennedy's rejoinder that "we are glad to get counsel, but we would like a little more assistance," strikes me as exceedingly temperate under the circumstances.

Mr. Fall then tries to justify de Gaulle's concern for Vietnam, whatever the unrealism of his statement, by arguing that France (a) *is* providing assistance in Vietnam, and (b) has "a stake" of considerable magnitude and hence has a manifest reason for expressing a French position. On the first point, I think it would be generous to estimate the value of the present French technical and cultural aid at one per cent of current U.S. military and economic-aid expenditures. Although there *is* a program, its small size—not only relative to French aid to the former French territories in Africa—makes President Kennedy's oversight in ignoring it closer to the truth than Fall's characterization of it as "a fairly sizable . . . program."

As to the French "stake" in Vietnam, it remains consequential, as Mr. Fall points out: the number of French nationals and the remaining French investments in Vietnam are appreciable. On the other hand, the trade percentages that Fall cites are a bit disingenuous and misleading. Although, as Mr. Fall notes, France takes a much larger *percentage* of Vietnam's exports than does the United States, the *value* of these exports to France is only a little more than *one-half* the value of French exports to Vietnam. (Vietnam's exports to France in 1962 were about $20 million out of total Vietnamese exports of about $50 million, whereas French exports to Vietnam were $35 million out of total Vietnamese *imports* of about $260 million.) Since Vietnam's large trade deficit is financed by the United States, the correct inference is that the United States is financing France's trade surplus with Vietnam.

In these terms, and given the U.S. balance-of-payments problem globally, wouldn't it be more becoming for France to increase the size of its minuscule assistance in Vietnam, at least to the point where such assistance covered Vietnam's trade deficit with France, than to invoke the prospect of inexpensive solutions that would come about through unspecified miracles?

I agree with Mr. Fall that Washington generally tends to "overreact" to President de Gaulle's rhetoric. In this case, however, it seems to me that the Kennedy statement was a mild, restrained, and eminently appropriate response.

CHARLES WOLF, JR.
The RAND Corporation
Santa Monica, California

Mr. Fall replies:

Dr. Wolf's remarks unfortunately seem to indicate that "emotional overreaction" and lack of attention to homework have spread from Washington to Santa Monica.

With regard to the volume of French aid to Vietnam, he, though a recognized authority on economic aid to Southeast Asia, fails to appreciate the *socio-economic* impact of certain types of aid. Thus, in 1962, the French Aid Mission maintained 292 university-level professors and 366 high-school-level teachers in Vietnam. And according to official South Vietnamese figures, 284 non-military students went to France in 1961-1962, against 204 to the United States. In the crucial field of high-school education, close to thirty-three per cent of South Vietnam's high-school students go to French-supported schools. In addition, such specialized schools as the Agricultural Institute of Blao and the Phu-Tho Engineering School are French-supported. There were in 1962 about eighty French experts operating within the South Vietnamese administration.

Since French personnel are paid rather cheaply, the dollar value (which seems to be the only one that concerns Dr. Wolf) of such a program might be small, though not as "minuscule" as is charged. And its long-range impact, in terms of forming a Vietnamese elite for the future, surely is considerable.

Without wishing to return to Dr. Wolf the compliment of disingenuousness, I would say that his comparison of a purely economic French aid program with that of a huge war-induced American military aid program is as misleading as if I had added to French aid figures the $11 *billion* which France spent of her own funds fighting the Indo-China war. For the record, I might add that France has spent a total of $234.4 million in economic reconstruction and aid to Vietnam from 1946 to 1961, and has abandoned in full to Vietnam about $82 million in Japanese war reparations.

With regard to the 1962 trade figures Dr. Wolf mentions, the U.S. Department of Commerce informed me today that they are $22.8 million vs. $31.7 million. And since South Vietnam has a 1963 foreign currency reserve of its own of about $168 million and U.S. aid,

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Johnny knows more because science knows more. And that's because a lot of people like Johnny took thousands of years to learn one small fact after another. In ancient days all learning, science included, was philosophy. Aristotle, in fact, was the first person to separate the two. By classifying and relating all the small bits of information, he established as distinct disciplines the first scientific specialties. Among them were anatomy, biology, meteorology, physics and physiology. In addition, he invented logic and psychology.

Even so, scientific progress was pretty haphazard. But in the early 1900's there were enough scientists to produce what might be called a "critical mass of ideas." Then, with the help of improved communications, these ideas interacted to form new ones. A chain reaction began. Today, science is literally exploding with new ideas and attacking a lot of ignorance, poverty and disease in the process. It happened none too soon. For example, it is estimated the world population will increase from its present 3 billion to 50 billion in fewer than 70 years. Think of the food and energy we'll need. Fortunately, science is already beginning to produce it.

Science takes these great strides with the help of specialization. But if specialization is the seven-league boot, industry is the cobbler. For just as the cobbler fits the boot to the foot, companies like Cyanamid fit knowledge to human needs. Today, for example, 33 different scientific specialties are represented at Cyanamid alone. They range from analytical chemists, who find out what things are made of, to zoologists who determine which animals help man, which ones hurt him, and how.

Between these alphabetical extremes are bacteriologists, electrical engineers, mycologists, pharmacologists, textile engineers and virologists and others. They work in such diverse areas as health, industrial chemicals, dyes and pigments, fibers, resins and plastics.

Today, the scientist is finding that he must know a lot about several specialties to avoid duplicating the work of others. This has led to another alphabet soup of "interdisciplines" starting with astrophysics and biochemistry.

Now where does Johnny fit into science? Everywhere. He can't escape it. As medicine it touches him at the very moment of birth. Under other names, it affects him every day of his life. He studies it in school, and we at Cyanamid hope he will at least consider it as a career. It's exciting, rewarding work and we want to help make sure that Johnny knows it.

It is obvious that whatever benefit Johnny derives from Cyanamid comes primarily from its products and the knowledge generated in their development. But we're not content to leave it at that. To help Johnny get acquainted with science, with its excitement and humanity as well as its career potential, we ask educators: "Where can Cyanamid help?" In answer, teachers and students sent 12,000 requests for information last year. And Cyanamid sent 12,000 replies.

In addition, Cyanamid has hosted over 200 visits by local schools and college groups to its Central Research Laboratories at Stamford, Connecticut. After visits like these, some students even get to "shadow" a scientist during a half-day's work.

To bring science to the classroom several hundred Cyanamid people visit science clubs and classes to talk with students about science and engineering, and to counsel them if they show an interest.

And like most responsible companies, Cyanamid also comes across with cold cash, three quarters of a million dollars a year to university departments of agriculture, chemistry, chemical engineering and medicine.

Finally, a number of Cyanamid's top scientists have returned to the colleges full time. As professors, department heads and deans, they can draw upon their practical experience in industrial chemistry and administration.

Thanks to scientists and scholars like these, all of us know more than the ancients did. Our knowledge is paying off in greater productivity, less suffering, a longer life. To make sure that Johnny's son enjoys this too, we at Cyanamid are doing our best to see that Johnny knows more than we do.

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by law, cannot be used to finance third-country imports, French trade with South Vietnam surely does not aggravate the American balance-of-payments problem.

Since it can be safely assumed that President Kennedy was at least as well briefed and deliberate in his public pronouncements as *le Grand Charles*, his statement to the effect that France does not have "any kind" of aid program in Vietnam still showed the effect of a great deal of "oversight," and Dr. Wolf's rejoinder has added but little evidence to the contrary.

COST OF LIVING

To the Editor: Being a corporate landlord myself, I read Meg Greenfield's article "The High Cost of Living" in your November 21 issue with amusement tempered by her excess acidity. District of Columbia apartment-house owners are, I am sure, sympathetic with the point Miss Greenfield is trying to make, although her casting of said owners in the role of harpies during her odyssey of apartment hunting seems woefully out of place. I know the vacancy rate is not *that* low!

In any event, had she bothered to check with any of us landlords on Capitol Hill, we would have encouraged her move into this very charming area. This corporate landlord, for one, has many tender young things under his benevolent rental schedule in the District with nary a case of rape, murder, or mayhem as yet. And having seen some advertised prices in the New York papers, I am sure that even Georgetown per foot prices are no higher than the per inch prices in your town.

The vast exaggeration of Washington's criminality is quite true. Several brokers here on Capitol Hill have met with the newspapers to attempt to get more balanced coverage of the crime news. Unfortunately, every time a Congressional secretary's purse is snatched, it goes on the nationwide wire along with a rehash of every major or minor crime that may have happened in the vicinity within the last five years. I hope your article, in whatever measure, will help to dispel the gloomy and untrue picture.

ALFRED M. GRONER
President, City Dwellers, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

To the Editor: Whether she is describing the fate of Seattle, Washington, or the victims of mid-century politics, or is bemoaning the plight of the single female apartment hunter in Washington, D.C., Meg Greenfield is a delight to encounter and balm to tired, nervous, mid-century souls.

The pleasure of chuckling or the delight of laughing is, today, often difficult to justify; not so with Miss Greenfield, for which I am forever grateful.

RIORDAN ROETT
New York

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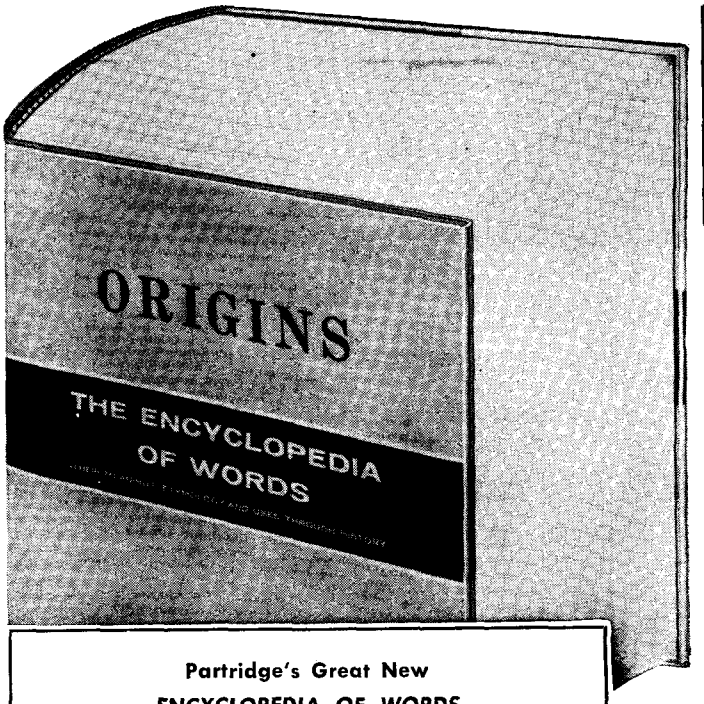

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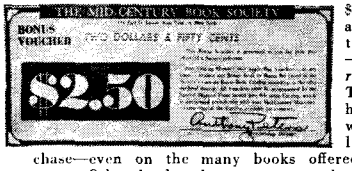

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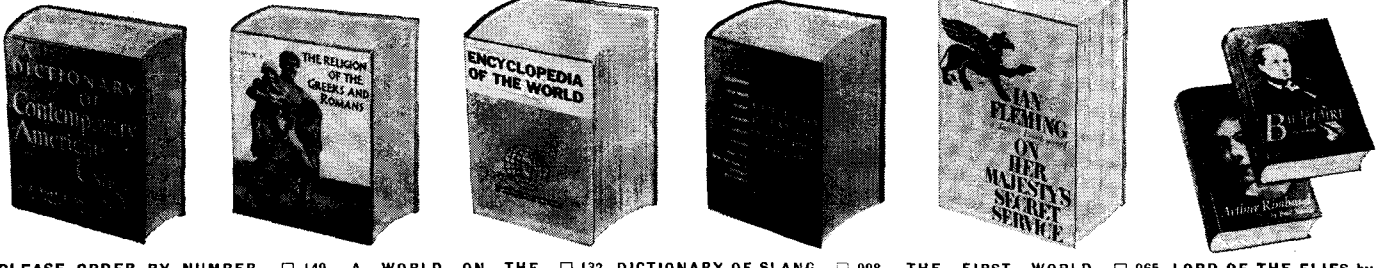

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As They See It

BERLIN

For the Communist press all over the world the tragedy that unfolded in Dallas had an element of perfection: each one of its major episodes was like a mystery story, made more and more complex and incredible by the constant outpouring of new details and new rumors, while the meaning of it all couldn't be any simpler; obviously there was a deliberate will behind the seeming chaos. The greater the mystery, the plainer the significance. The Communist press played both ends, with gusto and probably a certain degree of conviction, for bloody contradictions and conflict in a democratic, capitalistic society comply with their dogmas while plots confirm their experience with total governmental planning—including the planning of crime.

For the Communist press of East Germany, and for all the other means of communication used by that seediest of the Communist would-be states, "the murder of the century," as they have styled it, was like the realization of their fondest dreams. To begin with, the location of events was ideal: "The crime happened in Texas, the darkest center of reaction," ran the headlines in *Neues Deutschland,* the principal organ of the East German Communist Party; hence it followed that this was "the work of extreme rightists."

The subsequent news that Oswald had spent some three years in the Soviet Union, had a Russian wife, and had called himself a member of the Fair Play for Cuba Committee was obviously not in their script. The embarrassment evaporated, however, when it became known that Oswald was going to be prosecuted according to Texas laws. Obviously, the fascist plotters, the reactionary conspirators, were showing their hand. "The strange argument that 'Only a man has killed a man and hence the assassination of the President of the United States is an ordinary case of homicide,'" wrote *Neues Deutschland,* "is apparently designed to make it possible for the ultras to keep the case in hand in order to eradicate the traces of the real culprits and wire-pullers."

THEN, a few hours later, came the televised murder of Oswald by Ruby, and the elation of *Neues Deutschland* knew no bounds. "USA Imperialism Shows the World Its True Face!" screamed headlines underscored with thick black bars; "Ultras Liquidate 'Assassin' Oswald, Real Murderers Remain at Large." "This new murder," ran a boldface passage on the front page, "substantiates the unanimous suspicion of world opinion that Kennedy fell the victim of a conspiracy of ultras who also got rid of Oswald. The horror of the international public at this new crime is mixed with abhorrence of the conditions in that country which has been hailed as 'the freest in the world' and in which, in reality, mob rule with a Colt prevails." An editorial followed entitled "And They Want to Teach Us What Freedom Is!" Here again Oswald was presented as the innocent victim framed by a gang of fascist beasts.

Probably the single most delectable windfall for the East German Communists came in an interview with General Edwin Walker that appeared in the West German rightist *Soldaten Zeitung,* a newspaper published by some paleolithic vestiges of the old army. Walker, who is even more notorious in Germany than in the United States—and who is a resident of Dallas—concluded the interview with greetings to his "many German friends." The German Communists saw in this evidence of a link between the American and the German ultras.

The West German press, too, has had its difficulties in understanding why Federal law-enforcement agencies had not taken over immediately the investigation and prosecution of the Dallas crimes. Resident American correspondents were frequently approached by German colleagues, who seemed astonished when told the United States has no nationwide police system, and that even the gravest possible crime, committed against the highest Federal official, is not prosecuted and punished by Federal laws.

Yet West Germany too is a Federal Republic with limited powers and with a considerable range of self-government left to the *Laender.* Indeed, this is the system of government that the allied authorities, and most of all those of the United States, prescribed for West Germany when the Federal Republic was set up. But it seems to have been a shock to quite a few Germans to realize that the United States has the same type of federal government it imposed on them. Of course, West Germans, like everyone else, have heard a great deal about our race troubles and the agitation of the states' righters, but the notion seems to have been widespread abroad that states' rights were the invention of the white supremacists. It is certainly very difficult for foreigners everywhere to get into their heads that ours is a country composed of states united —to a point.

FOR THE East German rulers, however, and for their scribes, such difficulties in understanding our country do not exist. For them, everything is clear, and whatever hesitancies they may have, even about so tragic a subject as the murder of President Kennedy, they quickly recover their aplomb. In life Kennedy was consistently branded by the East German leaders as the "chief spokesman of imperialism"

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What is it that can travel over water, land, mud and ice and may make the wheel obsolete?

It's been called a "GEM" (for Ground Effect Machine). It's been called a "Hovercraft." It's been called an "Air Cushion Vehicle." And it's a little hard to say whether it flies low or rides high.

But Republic Aviation has just concluded a licensing agreement to develop, produce and sell these revolutionary machines that travel on a cushion of air over any kind of surface, wet or dry.

Gas turbine engines provide air cushion

One of the most publicized GEM's already built has done commuter service on a test basis, carrying 24 passengers across Dee Estuary on Britain's North Wales coast, over sandbars and shoals where no boat could operate. Called the VA-3, it's a 4-engine 12-ton version that can handle about 2 tons of cargo. It hovers 12 inches over the surface on a cushion of air provided by two of its gas turbine engines, while the other two provide propulsion.

A variety of high-speed go-anywhere craft for industry and the military

Similar but more advanced versions of the GEM are expected to operate easily at speeds over 150 mph. Republic's prototype model will be equipped to ride three feet off the surface to clear waves or obstacles, and further development will produce models that can clear six to eight-foot obstacles. Consider then, what the GEM's capabilities might be . . .

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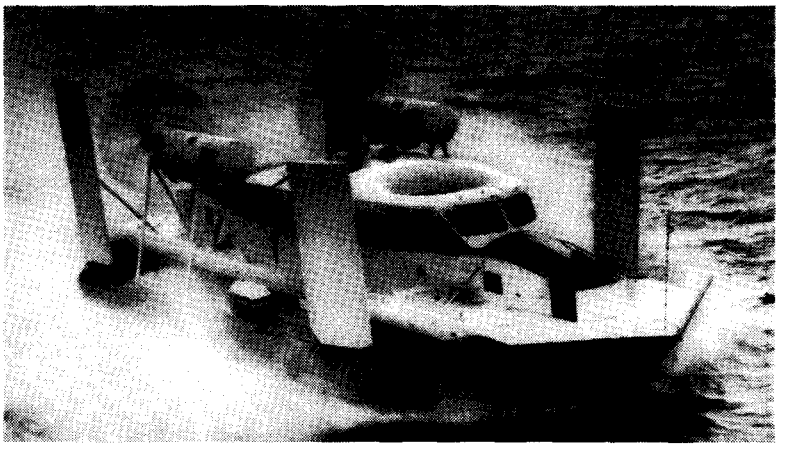
How big a future

As yet, nobody is entirely sure what the GEM's total potential for the future really is. Finding out is a big part of Republic's job. Considering that it took man some millions of years to discover the wheel—and another 7,000 to learn how to do without it—that could be a pretty sizeable order.



Republic will develop and produce air-cushion vehicles in this hemisphere under a licensing agreement with Vickers and Hovercraft Development Ltd. of Great Britain. Republic Aviation Corporation, Farmingdale, Long Island, New York.

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and a "figure of capitalist monopoly." But a dead President is a far more manageable subject of propaganda. In death Kennedy is being hailed as a realist who recognized the actual balance of power between East and West, a conciliator who perceived that the game of capitalism was up and who, when confronted by the poised might of the Soviet Union in the crisis of October, 1962, wisely gave his solemn promise that the United States would not invade Cuba. Similarly, Kennedy's role in the nuclear test-ban treaty has been played up as the real reason why "the war-mongering extreme Right" engineered his destruction.

On the evening of November 29, five public meetings were held in East Berlin. The theme for all was "The hidden motives behind the Kennedy murder." Top billing was given to the meeting in the Marx-Engels Auditorium, a spacious hall with a seating capacity of seven hundred. Exactly sixty-eight people showed up, including myself and the main speaker. "Friends and comrades," one speaker said in his peroration, "what has happened in Dallas" (he pronounced it "Dulles") "concerns us all. It was a horrible shock for the whole world—but not for us Socialists. For us it was merely a confirmation of what we have always known."

—George Bailey

Test in Caracas

Few countries in Latin America have suffered more from misrule than Venezuela. It has had more than a score of constitutions, most of them serving only to provide rapacious dictators with the façade of legality. For more than a century and a half the population endured a succession of bloody revolts with each change of government.

There was terror and blood in the streets of Caracas again as the elections of December 1 approached, this time engineered by the Castroite underground in a desperate attempt to keep Venezuelans from the polls. No better evidence of the unpopularity of Castroism and of the enthusiasm for democracy exists than the fact that more than ninety per cent of the eligible voters ignored the terror tactics.

Their preference for Dr. Raúl Leoni, the Democratic Action candidate, who appears to have won about a third of the votes for president, is an endorsement of the policies of Rómulo Betancourt, the first freely elected Venezuelan president to serve until the free election of a successor. Since the candidate of the Social Christian Party, Dr. Rafael Caldera, has won something over twenty-two per cent of the votes, the coalition government of the two leading parties can be expected to continue under Dr. Leoni.

The extremists of the Left, acting with guns, money, and guidance from Havana and Moscow, will try to prevent the orderly transition of the presidency. There is, of course, always a danger that continued terrorism may provide an excuse for a military coup to "restore order." But after the heavy vote of December 1, Venezuela is at least one place on a troubled continent where the institutions of democracy have survived a major test.

The Irresponsibles

President Johnson's reply to the Nigerian President could be profitably studied by those at home who had declared a sudden "shame" at being Americans. "The act of one individual . . . cannot and should not obscure the dedication and active support of the American people for the principles of democracy and human justice." We are sure he would agree that this country does have much in its past and in its present to be ashamed of. But did the public in some way consent to the murder of John F. Kennedy? Was it a result of some national "trend"?

To the extent that the late President's murder prompts individuals to look within themselves, to ponder their own intemperances and weaknesses, such stocktaking can possibly have a wholesome effect. One grieves for the act of murder, for the man who was the victim, for the lawless act against the government; and from all this something can be learned. But nothing will be learned so long as guilt is distributed among the populace like a sales tax. Where everyone is guilty, no one is guilty.

Herbert Lehman

It is difficult to think of a life better spent, one so completely unmarred by selfishness. A peaceful, quiet man, he could have ended his public career a number of years ago, surrounded by the love of his family, blessed by the company of that admirable woman, his wife. But then a call to duty came, and what else could Herbert Lehman do? He went in and fought.

For ten years, he had been governor of the state of New York. Then, before the end of the war, UNRRA was established and for two years he ran it—the most complex multinational organization ever established for the relief of suffering in all countries that had been ravaged by the war.

He was horribly tired when he left UNRRA, but then he was persuaded that New York State needed a man of his experience and standing in the U.S. Senate. The first time, he was defeated; the second he made it. This was the finest period in his long career of public service. For years he had dealt with tough businessmen, with politicians sometimes not overburdened by scruples, with foreign leaders who were tyrants to their own people. But nothing in his life had prepared him to meet the man who was Joe McCarthy—a man made particularly evil by the cowardice surrounding him. But Herbert Lehman was one of those whose courage, whose integrity was so native and spontaneous that he himself would not have known how to act differently. More than once, during that nightmarish period of our national life, Herbert Lehman stood alone against Joe McCarthy.

In 1956 he decided to retire and this time for good. But not really. Soon after, he started working to bring new political and moral strength into the Democratic Party in New York. He was still hard at it when he died.

He had so many qualities, and did so many things, but now that he is dead we like to remember him for the rarest and the simplest thing that can be said of him and of very few other people we have ever had the privilege to meet: he was a good man.

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MAX ASCOLI

Our New President

On the same day, within the span of a few hours, men and women in our country and practically all over the world were forced by one single, unthinkable accident to realize the role that chance plays in their destiny. In civil societies men try as hard as they can to protect themselves from blind chance. When a deranged man killed the President of the United States, a cruel jolt was inflicted on countless human beings, Americans and non-Americans, who staggered and groped as if they had lost their bearings.

This universal dismay was a tribute to our late President and to this unique institution of ours, the Presidency of the United States. It is on an occasion like this that we Americans fully grasp how thoroughly Presidential is our system of government. Our method for selecting our leader is, to say the least, peculiar—probably not more rational than the dynastic inheritance of office by right of birth.

Yet irrespective of the fun we get out of our Presidential elections we are, in our own way, a wise people, and irrespective of the campaign oratory the winning candidate incessantly pours out until Election Day, there is a magic quality in the Presidential office. As soon as a President is installed, he becomes at the same time a part of us and remote from us. He depends on our response, and he is no longer one of us. He cannot be any longer the same man, and cannot revert to being the same man he was before, even when he steps down from office. The dignity of the Presidency leaves an indelible mark on a man, even if he is the most unassuming, least theatrical of human beings, like Harry Truman. There is always talk about the loneliness of the President, and there may be some truth in the notion, provided we remember that the thought of us always crowds his loneliness.

This is never so true as when a man finds himself in the Presidency not because of victory in an electoral contest but because all of a sudden an accident removes him from the hollowness of the Vice-Presidential office and brings him the fullness of Presidential power. There is no Presidential parade then, no inaugural address and ceremonial taking of the oath with his predecessor looking on. Our Presidential system is inexorable; it does not allow for any interregnum or for any type of interim Presidency. We have had a few inadequate Vice-Presidents and, for that matter, Presidents in our history. But inadequacy or lack of Congressional or popular support does not exonerate a man from summoning every bit of latent vigor in him when he has to grasp as much Presidential power as he can.

About Lyndon Johnson's capacity to hold power there is no possible doubt. All Americans know him well now they have lived through the hour of transition with him. Obviously the stuff was in him, the dignity and the wisdom and the decisiveness. But from the moment he took the oath, it was as if a transfiguration had taken place in him. Or was it that he felt what we, the living Americans and our history and the civilization we stand for, demanded of him, and he responded with superb spontaneity? Every one of his gestures, his whole bearing, his speech to Congress, the wholehearted earnestness of his delivery—all conveyed the message we wanted from him and that he wanted to give us: he was not just acting and talking like a President, he *was* our President.

The office does not make a *pro tem* demigod. Neither does it impose similar or transmittable features to the personality of the holder. On the contrary, the superimposition of the office on the individual energizes and disciplines his personality. Lyndon Johnson's determination to maintain a rigorous continuity of the policies of John F. Kennedy is as unquestionable as the fact that he cannot possibly act as if he were John F. Kennedy. The programs he will develop are not going to be carbon copies. President Johnson needs to follow the policies of his predecessor in order to subject them to the changes that his own responsible judgment demands. He is determined to work with the men who had the confidence of his predecessor, and he is right for he has no better way of determining what these men are worth to him.

What is known of President Johnson's record can provide but a dim indication of the course he is likely to follow. His relentless energy is known, and so is his respect for the disciplined working of our institutions. The man who succeeded in establishing some purposeful order in the Legislative branch of our government is most likely to make the proper use of other collegiate institutions such as the Cabinet and the National Security Council, designed to maintain unity among different departments of the administration. A superior politician, indeed a politician's politician, can be trusted to play his game of politics, domestic and international, with the men who know their politics best.

He asked for prayers and for help. Help sometimes requires criticism. Prayers imply confidence. He has our confidence, and we only hope that, in our own way, we may be of some help to him.

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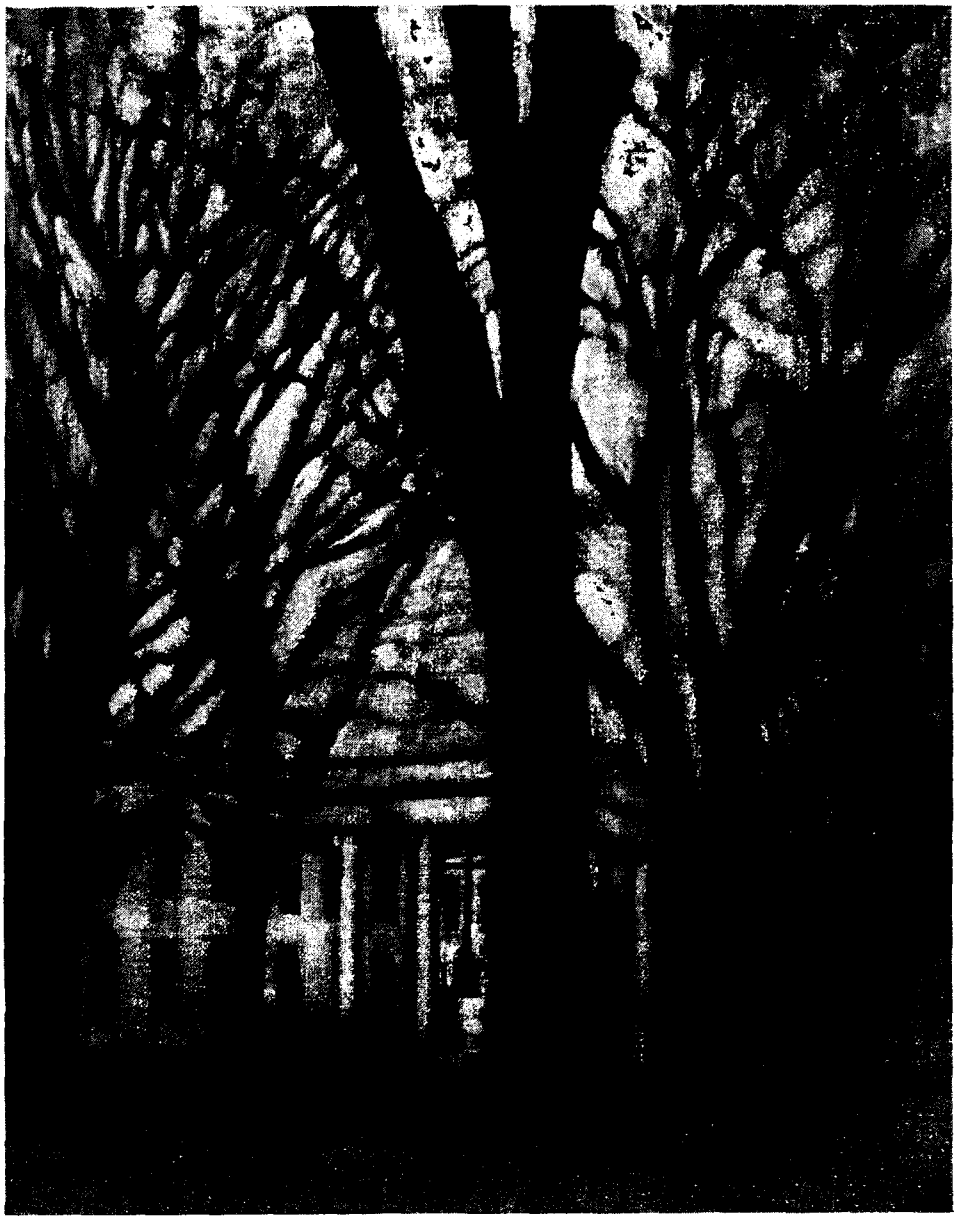

The Long Vigil

MARYA MANNES

THERE ARE MOMENTS of such magnitude that they must be clearly remembered. And it might serve a purpose, if not now then later, to record what one American—and surely multitudes more—saw and felt and thought sitting before the television set on a Friday and a Saturday and a Sunday and a Monday in this November.

This was not viewing. This was *total involvement.*

I was out when the President was shot and saw only the replayed tape, first of him waving and smiling to cheering Dallas faces, mostly young, and then the wild, careening moment of the murder: the insane kaleidoscope in the camera's eye as it swung and jolted from a photographer running through chaos to commotion. From then on, with few intervals away, I stayed before the set, knowing—as millions knew—that I must give myself over entirely to an appalling tragedy, and that to evade it was a treason of the spirit.

It is hard to remember the exact sequence of events that Friday; incredulity and shock at this immense unreason left no place for an orderly succession in the mind. It was all ambulances and police cars and corridors and bewildered newsmen holding up microphones to bewildered people, and once in a while the small figure of the President's wife, briefly recognized and then eclipsed.

The sunny streets of Dallas were

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cruel and ugly, the warehouse walls with those terrible open windows were cruel and ugly, there was a glaring tawdriness about everything there, from the fat police to the sleek ambulance to the thruway that led to the hospital. What two hours ago was merely a commercial city in broad noon was now a blatant nightmare.

Later there was the scene in the plane when a woman judge swore in the big man with the scored face as President of the United States, and Mrs. Johnson and Mrs. Kennedy stood by; and you tried to take it in, and you tried to find solace in the orderly quiet succession, brief and simple, but you could not: it was too much to take. Through those hours too you saw the face of Lee Oswald, thin and pasty and small-mouthed, and you thought what a miserable worm he was and how even hate for him was overwhelmed by horror of his act. And then when you heard them say he was a Marxist you thought oh God, it is bad enough without this, here we go, from now on the old hysteria has fuel to burn on again. And you thought of the smugness and relief of the rightists and the wise shaking of many heads over leftist subversives, and what this would do to us in the time to come.

In the partly sleepless nights that followed, the distorted echoes of an ancient ballad repeated and repeated through my head: "Where are you going, Lee Oswald my son?/ To the post office, Mother, to get me a gun./ For there's hate in my heart and there's hate in my head,/ And I'm going to shoot the President dead."

It was only later, much later, when the plane that carried the President's body and the President's wife and their successors arrived in Andrews Air Force Base, that the implacable sequence began; or seemed to begin.

I sat there watching men struggling through the door of the plane's hydraulic lift with the casket and I thought, there he is, and I thought of that shattered head underneath and the high shoulders and long legs and how he looked when he walked into press conferences with a quick step and his thick-haired head slightly bent forward and his down-slanted eyes slightly quizzical. And I watched Mrs. Kennedy being helped down to the ground by two men and follow the casket to the ambulance and step into it with her brother-in-law, and I wondered what made it possible for a woman so like a girl to look at this long metal box.

As for us, the millions, we could not take our eyes from the metal box. It was not morbidity, it was a desperate attachment, a holding on to what was already lost until there was not even this rectangle and remnant to cling to. I followed it every inch of the way, I watched each time the nine proud young men bore the heaviest burden of their lives up the steps and into the White House, down the steps and onto the caisson, up the steps to the Capitol, down the steps of the Capitol, back to the White House, into the Cathedral, out of the Cathedral and then, finally, on to the grave. I imagined them telling of this till the day they died; of how they carried the President and what it felt like to know his body was in their hands.

I FOLLOWED the caisson every step it went down the broad avenues from home to Hill, from Hill to home and from home to earth. The simplicity of that box with the flag on it, the great loneliness of the executive in death as in life, were made just bearable by the sturdy gray horses, nuzzling and jerking against their traces, by the beautiful ridden lead horse with his high head and rhythmic gait, by the fretting and rearing riderless black horse behind, by the single sailor with the President's flag. I was grateful every inch of the way for these traditions, for the awful solemnity of the muffled drums; I was proud of the silence they beat in and the grief they echoed.

And I, like millions, was immeasurably proud of the President's wife. Nothing will ever erase from my mind the sight of that small erect black figure with the sightless eyes of a caryatid and the features of Greek tragedy standing on the steps of the White House or the steps of the Capitol with her small children holding her hands. Her control, her grace, her dignity were miracles, demanding from us who watched a restraint which we could not always match, since we could contain only a part of her grief.

Hour after hour, wherever the President lay, I watched the people who came to honor him. The familiar faces of senators and judges, of Cabinet members, of the family itself were made less familiar by the shock and strain that ennobled them. Most of them looked years older.

Hour after hour I watched the people without names file past the catafalque in the Rotunda, the elders looking at the bier, the children distracted by the lights and guards. And then Mrs. Kennedy came with Caroline tightly holding her hand and John fidgeting as she looked before her. I saw Caroline flapping her free white-gloved hand and I wondered what was growing in her mind, and I saw John taken away, and I watched Mrs. Kennedy and Caroline, now still and grave, kneel at the bier while Mrs. Kennedy kissed the flag on it. Every movement she made was right; and hard to bear.

And during all this—the shuffle of the feet, the tolling of bells, the beating of drums, the clopping of horses' hooves, the click of the honor guard's rifles, the shrilling of whistles—during all of this, for four interminable days, I listened to the familiar voices of those men whom we are highly privileged as a people to have as interpreters of events: Edward P. Morgan and Howard K. Smith, Walter Cronkite and Eric Sevareid and Charles Collingwood, Chet Huntley and David Brinkley, Marvin Kalb and Robert Pierpoint and so many more who never failed us or history during their greatest possible ordeal. Shaken as they visibly were, infinitely weary as they became, they maintained calm and reason and insight throughout the marathon of madness and mourning.

The madness punctuated the mourning, as millions watched, that Sunday afternoon in Dallas. I could not believe what I saw. The clutter of newsmen and their microphones in that basement corridor, the milling and talking, and then those big fat men bringing the thin pasty prisoner, and then the back of a man with a hat, and then Oswald doubled, and then pandemonium, scuffles, shouts and young Tom Truitt and his microphone in and out of

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the picture trying to find out what happened. Questions seethed through my mind: how in God's name could the police expose a President's assassin to this jumble of people at close range? How could anyone with a gun get right to him? What kind of law is this in Dallas? Who on earth did it? Why?

And as we heard some of the answers, incredulity was supplanted by disgust and fury, and these in turn by a sense of the insanely grotesque: a strip-tease proprietor, a small-time crook, had deprived the American people and the accused murderer of their President of justice on the actual premises of law: police headquarters. Then outrage took over again: outrage at the enormity of the act, at violence so close to the surface, at the boundless bungling of those fat Texas police. It was in relief that we came back to the President's body and the muffled drums. Sorrow, however vast, was better than outrage. That could wait till later.

By Monday a great silence had settled over the nation as the last act of the tragedy was played. I had watched the leaders of the nations of the world arrive the night before at Dulles Airport as a drawn Dean Rusk, waiting and pacing, greeted each in turn: the towering President de Gaulle, the small Asians and Africans, the tall Nordic princes, the Arabs and the Israelis, the Italians and the Dutch. Now I watched them assemble at the White House for that walk to the Cathedral of St. Matthew.

Now, in the brilliant cold November light, they gathered behind the President's wife and the President's two brothers who once more were behind the caisson bearing the President's body and the fretting Blackjack and the seven gray horses. You could see her features under the heavy black veil only enough to know that they were still composed; her arms hung straight at her sides. Robert Kennedy's face bore, as always during the four long days, the bleakness of devastation together with, it seemed to me, a mighty anger.

Slowly the cortege and the leaders of the nations walked in the winter sun to the Cathedral, and then we—all of us again—were in the church. Millions, I am sure, were deeply moved by what transpired there. Unhappily I felt Cardinal Cushing not as an assuager of my grief but as an intruder into it: the grating cadences of his loud voice, the harshness of his Latin and English speech, took from the service much that would have been beautiful. I told myself that this old man was a lifelong friend of the President and his family, that if they loved him there was much to love, and that his sorrow was boundless. But I wanted his talking to end in the church as I wanted it to end later at Arlington, and as, so few years ago, I wanted it to come to an end at the inauguration of the man he now mourned. The silence was the balm.

And now we went with the President to Arlington; every step of the way. The streets and bridges of the capital were beautiful, the approach to Arlington a fitting entry to peace, the heroes waiting under their headstones to be joined by one of their company.

We heard the skirl of bagpipes, we walked close to the grave, we watched the honor guard take the flag from the casket and hold it taut between them, we saw the standing mourners still as stone. Then we saw the flag folded over and over and placed in the hands of Jacqueline Kennedy. And with tears now uncontainable we heard the high and lonely bugle notes of taps.

The light had gone out; the lights were lit; not only on the grave of the murdered President but in the halls of state where the new President, only hours later, received the leaders with whom, from this moment on, he would have to treat.

Only this scene, a sort of social sarabande unreal in its conventionality, could have finally stemmed our tears and bridged the chasm between death and life. Here was the big new President pumping hand after hand, smiling and nodding; here were, except for de Gaulle, much smaller men trying to impress themselves on the mind of the new executive; here were old allies and old adversaries and the new men of new countries coming to pay court in the hopes of being courted, anxious to tell their people what this new leader was like; how he looked and talked, how he behaved to them.

And then, finally, there were the lights in the private apartments of the White House; and when we saw these we turned the set off and left Mrs. John F. Kennedy to the protective cover of darkness, and ourselves —the millions and millions of us— to the respite denied her.

The Hard-Won Destiny Of Lyndon Johnson

DOUGLASS CATER

THE START of the Lyndon Johnson era, which by the Constitution at least could last for nine years, has prompted fresh inquiry about this politician who has reached the Presidency by a tragic route. He is not a well-known man. So much of the past description has been broad-brush caricature; so little has managed even to hint at the motives and convictions that have brought him where he is.

Even the late stage of his career, when he was designated running mate of John F. Kennedy, retains a certain mystery. Describing the blunt confrontation that occurred between the two candidates during preballot maneuvers at Los Angeles, Theodore H. White in *The Making of the President* concluded, "The true story of the choice of Lyndon B. Johnson . . . must remain an exercise for tomorrow's historians, not for today's reporters." Soon after the convention, Kennedy confessed privately that he had been surprised when Johnson accepted his offer of second place. Johnson has since intimated that it had not been an easy choice for him. At a gathering last May, when a friend addressed him as "Senator," then confusedly corrected himself, the Vice-President

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replied somewhat wistfully, "You had the right title the first time."

Even in hindsight, the alliance of Boston and Austin—to use a phrase of Johnson's coinage—offered greater risks for the Texas senator than for the Massachusetts senator. From Kennedy's point of view, there was wisdom not only in wooing the South but also in conciliating someone who might become a legislative stumbling block in a new Democratic administration. For Johnson, on the other hand, the choice was to relinquish a role in which he had been able to build unusual power in order to take a job with an uncertain future and an all too certain present.

Why did he take it? The answer to this question, I feel certain, cannot be pieced together with snippets of remembered episodes at the convention. It goes deeper than Johnson's own calculations at the time and is very much part of the hard-won destiny of this Texan who was born proud but poor and came of political age in an era when Texas was South and no Southerner could aspire to be President. Johnson's career, in retrospect, reveals a series of triumphs over forces pulling him toward a lesser destiny.

Widening Horizons

He had some close calls. Despite a grandfather's cradleside prophesy that he was to be a United States senator, his political future looked bleak indeed when after high school the young man, restless and lacking finances, forsook formal education and went west to California in search of opportunity. That he returned home two years later to work his way through teachers' college he credits to "the grace of God and a determined mother."

By the time Johnson reached the House of Representatives in 1937, another Texan named Rayburn was getting ready to run things there. But moving over to the Senate was not easy. He was defeated in 1941 and did not try again until 1948. On this second attempt, Johnson won a freakish eighty-seven-vote victory in the Democratic primary, but his opponent, abetted by a posse of lawyers, nearly snatched it from him. Only a frantic appeal to the U.S. Supreme Court kept him in the general election—and, it may be, in the history books.

Johnson's very success in the Senate, where he was chosen Democratic Leader in 1953 after only four years, might easily have narrowed his horizons. It was a heady atmosphere, the more so since he had no ties of party responsibility to a not so dynamic leader in the White House. After Johnson's severe heart attack in 1955, which seemed to blight any hope of higher office, another man might have felt compelled to settle for the very considerable power and prestige he then enjoyed.

During the long semi-invalidism back in Texas, stories began to crop up that Johnson might be entertaining notions of trying to rule behind the scenes if he could not do it front and center. One account reported that the LBJ Ranch was serving as headquarters for an effort "to gain for the South, and conservatives generally, an extraordinary and conceivably even a decisive influence in the Democratic convention." When I asked him about this at the time, the senator spent a long day exhaustively repudiating any such scheme. LBJ guest books were produced to prove that whatever conspiracy was being fostered included more Northern liberals than Southern conservatives. By the end of that day, I was convinced of two things: that Johnson's career was by no means finished and that he would continue to carve out for himself a unique role as a national rather than a strictly regional leader.

Johnson did return to even more vigorous power in Washington during the last Eisenhower years. My notebooks contain an impression of the high-spirited senator on the opening day of the Eighty-sixth Congress in 1959, which had brought enlarged Democratic majorities to both Houses. That afternoon I happened to encounter him in the Senate parliamentarian's office, and he took me along to inspect his new offices just off the Senate Chamber. After his typically exuberant demonstration of the art work, lighting, desks, even the plumbing fixtures, our conversation turned to politics. Had he been quoted correctly in a news story from Texas that "Nobody from my part of the country can be nominated President or, if nominated, elected"? Johnson affirmed that this was so. Leaning forward with hands thrust deep into his pockets, he declared fervently that he was determined to get the bug of Presidential ambition out of his head. His grandaddy and daddy before him had been legislators. He liked the Legislative branch. He didn't know if he could be happy in the Executive end of things. He liked his work. He was proud of the group of senators he had brought along. He would be happy to see any of them get the nomination, and he was determined not to let his effectiveness be reduced by suspicion that he was a candidate.

What about the suggestion being made that the mid-term election victory provided a mandate for Congressional leaders to seize the reins and govern from the Capitol? Johnson sternly repeated a remark from a speech he had made that morning to the effect that he had read the Constitution. Then he whipped out a copy of the speech and taking a pencil underlined the phrases as he declaimed: "We have—by our majority here—an obligation to lead. We do not have authority to command. Our mandate is a mandate for competent and creative and constructive leadership—beginning now, not two years hence. We shall honor that mandate." Undoubtedly, the senator

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from Texas suffered agonizing ambivalence as the 1960 elections approached. But he never veered from his, or the Constitution's, concept of responsible government.

Form and Substance

Those of us who used to write awed accounts of his capacity for handling power were not unaware that others failed to share this regard. One senator, a Democrat of repute, charged that the reporters were dazzled by virtuosity. Johnson, he alleged, represented the triumph of form over substance.

The indictment is easier to answer in hindsight. Perhaps a long conditioning in legislative craft, with hierarchs like Harry Byrd accorded a vote all out of proportion to the ideas and forces they represent, is not an ideal preparation for the Presidency. But it appears to have done little to stunt Lyndon Johnson's growth. At the same time, he developed uncanny skill in maintaining momentum in a body that has a congenital tendency toward stalemate.

Much has been said about Johnson's shortcomings as a thinker, largely on the basis that he has never been a heavy reader of books. But there is no doubt that his mind is swift and critical. His rhetoric shows a facility for the encapsulating phrase that effectively sums up his purpose.

Johnson's approach to the "substance" of issues was probably always more serious than he has been willing to let on. After passage of the Civil Rights Act of 1957, Dean Acheson, who had advised him, protested vigorously when I asked whether the Majority Leader had not simply played the role of a "compromise artist." "I was greatly impressed with his intellectual ability in a most technical field," Acheson said. "He grasps things instantaneously. He understands that government is not a matter of posturing but of getting things done. There were a series of decisions to be made which he made judiciously. Certainly, there were political considerations involved, but in the highest sense of the word 'politics,' the art of government."

Settling into the Vice-Presidency had its painful moments. During his early period in office, Johnson showed acute touchiness as he sought to adjust himself to the diminished pressures. He was roused to angry protest by a columnist's story attributed to White House insiders that only the tormented relationship between President Lincoln and Secretary of War Stanton could offer a parallel to that of Kennedy and Johnson. Only last spring, he was visibly vexed when Attorney General Kennedy stalked into a meeting of the Commission on Equal Job Opportunities, over which Johnson presided, and after a few acidulous questions stalked out again.

BUT EVEN in those reduced circumstances, the Texan demonstrated that he was not a force to be ignored. Among the politicians in Washington, he has always looked like a giant, in both strengths and crotchets. Sometimes arrogant, and overly sensitive, he could also be, as many testify, capable of touching kindnesses. His manner, which some have called devious, has often tended to distort the simple sincerity of his purpose. But it also helped create the Senate psychology that "What Lyndon wants, Lyndon gets."

He clearly intends to go right on getting what he wants from his former colleagues on Capitol Hill. With even the Senate Majority Whip, Hubert Humphrey, counseling a breathing spell for Congress, Johnson quickly decided on a course of full speed ahead on the legislative program. Though it is too soon to know who will fill which posts, he has called on wise advisers like Abe Fortas and is properly reluctant to discard recklessly the team Kennedy pulled together. He has made an effort to mend differences with Robert Kennedy, whose future decisions can affect the new administration mightily. Learning of resentment over two or three misunderstandings arising during the hectic funeral period, Johnson promptly decided that the best way to dispel them was to have man-to-man talks with the bereaved Attorney General. He clearly meant it when he called for "continuity without confusion."

It is, of course, too early to predict how the tall politician from Texas will measure up in his new job. But it is clear that he has the courage, the stamina, and even a driving sense of his own destiny that the job demands.

Interregnum on the Hill

MEG GREENFIELD

A FEW MINUTES before the Senate recessed at the news that President Kennedy had been shot, it had agreed—"provided something unforeseen does not develop"—to take up early the following week a bill intended to scuttle the Soviet wheat deal. The bill, which was sponsored by Senator Karl Mundt (R., South Dakota), was thought to have a fairly good chance of passing. Because of Kennedy's death, it did not.

Lyndon Johnson was apprised, Monday afternoon at the State Department reception for foreign dignitaries after the funeral, that the Mundt bill was scheduled for floor action the following day. He immediately inquired what the vote would be and reportedly was astonished that the Democratic leaders did not know. Thereupon he made a few phone calls, and other calls were made in his name. A sufficient number of senators to defeat the bill were persuaded that the country could not afford a legislative blow to the new President's prestige.

Whether Johnson will be able to maintain the memory of Kennedy's death as a goad to further legislative action is the question hanging over Congress now. "Congress is scared to death," one Republican remarked on the subject. "There is more of an interregnum here than there is in the White House. Nobody knows what the effect of this has been on the public. That's why they want to go home." That's also why Lyndon Johnson doesn't want them to.

Although Johnson is said to have

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been particularly struck by the cooperation pledged him immediately following Kennedy's death by one of the scrappiest partisans in Congress, House Minority Leader Charles A. Halleck, neither he nor anyone else can be under the illusion that victories will proceed with the relative ease with which the Mundt bill was stopped. However skillfully Johnson can mobilize the public feeling over Kennedy's death, that death also rearranged the national political picture in ways that may be inimical to his program. When a decent interval has elapsed, for instance, the Republicans could well begin to operate on an assumption that they did not have before, namely, that they have a chance to win the national election. And Northern Republicans who were reluctant to buck a President popular in their states may proceed against Johnson with less restraint. Nor are Johnson's relations with the Southerners on the Hill anything but chancy at the moment. In a way he faces the same problem as a Southerner that his predecessor faced as a Catholic: he must go out of his way to prove his independence.

THE LEGISLATURE to which Johnson will address his efforts is in an all but preposterous state of disarray. Anyone who observed the recent struggle over the civil-rights bill in the House Judiciary Committee or the foreign-aid authorization fight in the Senate must be aware of the extraordinary fragmentation of both bodies into willful divisions and subdivisions and sub-subdivisions that defy such simple descriptions as "Democratic" or "Republican" or "conservative" or "liberal." It was the Democratic liberals, splintered into innumerable onesomes and twosomes, who created havoc in foreign aid on the Senate floor, while the Senate Republican Policy Committee has lately been characterized by one of its members as a group that couldn't reach consensus on the Ten Commandments.

Curiously, it is to Johnson's advantage to preserve some of these divisions, to keep Congress "loose," as it were. Should the Republicans ever get together or the Southerners harden into real coalition with them, the administration could be stopped in its tracks. But capitalizing on the chaos of Congress apparently is a task to which the present Democratic leadership is unequal. President Kennedy, for instance, sought to compensate for Majority Leader Mike Mansfield's gentleness by moving into the fray himself. Inevitably Mansfield's authority as leader was further undermined: committee chairmen insisted on dealing with the President, not with him. Johnson, who is known to be a critic of the present leadership, has already stepped up communication with them in the hope of improving White House intelligence. And there is no doubt that through the Congressional leaders he will attempt to drive both Houses harder. There will be longer hours, better set schedules, and a keener sense of what the traffic will bear.

Though Johnson has necessarily lost some of his leverage on the Hill by dint of moving to the White House, there is still a good deal going for him there, not the least of which is his fearsome reputation. "He'd come right up while you were speaking on the floor," one veteran said, recalling the manner of man he was, "and if he didn't like your speech he'd begin riffling the papers you were speaking from and asking how long the speech would take." Indeed, when you ask almost anyone on the Hill about Lyndon Johnson, he motions involuntarily toward his lapels, remembering the occasions on which they were taken hold of, or as one recalls, when he was lifted by them right off the floor. To be sure, Johnson will no longer be able to prowl ominously about the floor, but as President he clearly retains his former colleagues' apprehensive respect.

THERE IS little question that Congress at the moment all but begs for fiercer leadership. President Johnson, as his address to the joint session showed, is aware that he must be politic in the manner in which he exercises it. Both Houses remain extremely jealous of their formal prerogatives even though they scarcely recall how to use them. Indeed, despite the frequent complaint that President Kennedy had usurped their functions, when he was killed it suddenly became clear that they had waited on his advice if only to flout it, and that, for the politically splintered Eighty-eighth Congress, the President is by default the only leader.

The Line of Succession

LINDSAY ROGERS

EIGHT of the thirty-six Presidents of the United States were elected as Vice-Presidents and moved to the highest office when Presidents died. Shock and sadness there have been, but the transitions have been orderly and the country has always rallied behind the new Chief Executive. We have been able to say to ourselves, as James A. Garfield (who was himself to be our second assassinated President) said on the morning of Lincoln's death, "God reigns, and the Government at Washington still lives."

Happily, no President has died while the Vice-Presidency was vacant. Happily, all Presidents who moved up from the Vice-Presidency finished the terms for which they had been elected. Thus the Constitutional mandate has so far sufficed to determine the Presidential succession and we have never had to follow Congressional wisdom—or lack of it—as expressed in Presidential Succession Acts. There have been situations in the past when, had we been compelled to follow the act, it would have been difficult for the "Government at Washington" to continue to live. I suggest that the present situation is one we should examine, and to do this adequately a little study of history is necessary.

THE FRAMERS of the Constitution sought to guard against any Presidential interregnum by providing that "In case of the removal of

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the President from office, or of his death, resignation, or inability to discharge the powers and duties of the said office, the same shall devolve on the Vice-President. . . ." They then empowered the Congress to provide by law "for the case of removal, death, resignation, or inability, both of the President and Vice-President, declaring what officer shall then act as President, and such officer shall act accordingly until the disability be removed or a President shall be elected." The Second Congress passed a Presidential Succession Act dated March 1, 1792, with scant discussion of the possible Constitutional objections or of the practical difficulties of its application.

THE ACT provided that the President of the Senate pro tempore and the Speaker of the House of Representatives should follow the Vice-President in succession to the Presidency. But were the President of the Senate pro tempore and the Speaker "officers" of the United States within the meaning of the Constitutional provision? Moreover—Madison was one of those who pointed this out—there was no requirement that, if one of these officials went to the White House, he give up his original duties and avoid a conflict between his executive and legislative functions. Again, the President of the Senate pro tempore did not hold over; the office was frequently vacant and so was the Speakership. The great men in the Congress had overlooked the fact that a new Congress elected in November normally would not assemble for thirteen months, leaving the House without a Speaker from March 3, when the "lame duck" session ended, until December. These defects have been largely cured by a change of Senatorial practice allowing the President pro tempore to hold over and by the Twentieth Amendment in 1933 abolishing the "lame duck" sessions of Congress. But there was another defect that was unanticipated. As the hopes of the framers of the Constitution were frustrated and powerful political parties emerged, it became possible that a President pro tempore or a Speaker would not be of the same political party as that of the President and Vice-President. Is it democracy for the voters to win an election by a majority and then suffer defeat by an act of God?

The Continuing Problem

Over the years little attention was paid to these problems. Indeed, it is difficult to think of a really important matter with which Congress has dealt so nonchalantly. In 1820 the Senate Judiciary Committee reported unanimously that it was inexpedient to attempt to legislate further. In 1856 the Judiciary Committee opined that the Act was Constitutional, and went on to propose that if no President pro tempore or Speaker was available, the succession should go

to the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court (providing he had not presided at an impeachment) and then to the associate justices in order of seniority. The Senate took no action on this silly report and then for twenty-five years there was no further interest in the matter.

On September 19, 1881, President James A. Garfield died and Chester A. Arthur succeeded him. If anything had then happened to President Arthur, the Act of 1792 would have been worthless; there was no President pro tempore until October 10, and no Speaker until December 5. A comparable situation existed after Grover Cleveland's Vice-President, Thomas A. Hendricks, died on November 25, 1885.

Congress was finally aroused from its lethargy and passed a new statute. The Act of January 19, 1886, provided that, after the Vice-President, succession to the Presidency should vest in the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, and other members of the Cabinet. The Act also declared that when the powers and duties of the office of President devolved upon any such person, Congress, if not in session, should be summoned by that person within twenty days. For sixty years this order of Presidential succession was considered satisfactory and no serious effort was made to change it.

A principal reason for the silence was that, by and large, our Secretaries of State have been men of considerable stature. On more than one occasion, since the days of Monroe and John Quincy Adams, the Secretary of State has been manifestly abler than the occupant of the Executive Mansion. Rarely, if ever, has he been less able than the Speaker. But when Franklin Roosevelt died and Harry S. Truman became President, the Secretary of State was Edward R. Stettinius, youthful, amiable, and able but not a man who in the Presidency would have drawn the confidence of the country. Immediately some public figures, notably James A. Farley, attacked the "undemocratic" power the Act of 1886 had given a Vice-President who had become President: Mr. Truman could appoint a new Secretary of State and in effect name his own successor. It is not hard to think of occasions on which such a power could be used to great advantage.

ON JUNE 19, 1945, President Truman sent Congress a message urging a new Presidential Succession Act. He argued that the man next in succession after the Vice-President should be someone who had been elected to some office, and he suggested "that the Speaker is the official in the Federal Government, whose selection, next to that of the President and Vice-President, can be most accurately said to stem from the people themselves." Mr. Truman's reasoning was faulty; in order to acquire the seniority that is necessary to be elected, the Speaker must come from a safe district. Mr. Truman proposed that the President pro tempore of the Senate should be

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next in line of succession and be followed by the Cabinet officers. This was in part the Act of 1792 in reverse.

Soon, however, Stettinius was out and James F. Byrnes became Secretary of State. He had been a member of Congress, a senator, a justice of the Supreme Court, and head of the Office of War Mobilization, in which capacity he had been described as Franklin Roosevelt's "Assistant President." Interest in Mr. Truman's proposal sharply declined, but not before there had been a number of crackpot suggestions.

One such was that the Electoral College be resummoned to elect a President and Vice-President to serve out the remainder of the unexpired term. Another proposal was that the successor to the Vice-President be chosen by the House of Representatives from a list of three senators nominated by the Senate. One congressman thought that the electorate should choose not only a first but a second and third Vice-President of the United States. But the craziest idea of all was that the ranking officers of the Army, the Navy, and the Air Force (why the discrimination against the Marines?) should choose a civilian who would be an interim President who should act until "the State governors, at a meeting called by him, shall select from their number by majority vote a President and a Vice-President" to serve out the unexpired term.

With Mr. Byrnes as Secretary of State, Congress and the country had lost interest. But when, in 1946, the country returned a Republican Congress and Mr. Truman was challenged to stand by his proposal, he said that he was prepared to do so; that if he were to die or become incapacitated, he thought his successor could be a Republican. Joseph W. Martin was then the Speaker of the House and Arthur H. Vandenberg was President pro tempore of the Senate. These were men of stature; Sam Rayburn, who had been and who again would be the Speaker of the House, was of even greater stature. Congress and President Truman paid attention to personalities rather than to principle. Was the House to vote no confidence in Joseph Martin or the Senate in Arthur Vandenberg? In his work on the Presidency, Professor Edward S. Corwin says that Mr. Truman acted "sportingly." The adverb may be appropriate but Professor Corwin could also have written "unintelligently." This judgment is not challenged by the fact that the new statute made two minor improvements. It provided for a vacancy by reason of "failure to qualify" and it declared that whoever succeeds to "act as President" must resign the post by virtue of which he succeeded, and if it is the Speaker he must also resign "as Representative in Congress."

The Case for Flexibility

Under the Presidential Succession Act of July 18, 1947, what are the possibilities we now face? The Speaker of the House, elected in August, 1961, is John W. McCormack,

who has represented a safe Massachusetts district since 1928. His biographical sketch in the Congressional Directory does not disclose his age but on December 21 he will be seventy-two. Until his election as Speaker he was hardly known outside his district or outside the House of Representatives. Since he has been Speaker he has failed to impress the country and is relatively unknown in Europe.

The President pro tempore of the Senate is Carl Hayden of Arizona, who is eighty-six. He is able to preside over the Senate, but only for very short periods; if President Johnson's magnificent address before Congress had lasted a few minutes longer, his colleagues (and many television viewers) would not have been surprised if the senator had dozed. It should be noted that it is possible that Hayden would not follow McCormack because the House, as soon as McCormack became President, would immediately elect a new Speaker who would then automatically become next in line for succession.

Meanwhile, until Congress acts, the situation is alarming. When matters are of the highest importance, reticence is out of place and frankness is essential. It is not inconceivable, then, that Speaker McCormack and Senator Hayden might guarantee themselves glowing mention in the history books by urging their fellow representatives and senators to undertake an immediate re-examination of the Presidential Succession Act, and by telling them not to delay because of reluctance to express a lack of confidence in two well-liked colleagues. I therefore call attention to some language in the Act of March 1, 1792, which is still the law of the land:

"Resignation or refusal of office. The only evidence of a refusal to accept, or of a resignation of the office of President or Vice-President, shall be an instrument in writing, declaring the same and subscribed by the person refusing to accept, or resigning, as the case may be, and delivered into the office of the Secretary of State." Our Second Congress—it included some of the Founding Fathers—did not think it out of the question that there might be occasions when selfless patriots could best serve their country by "refusing to accept or resigning."

It is inconceivable that Congress be complacent about the present order of succession. Much time will elapse before adequate legislation can be drawn up to revise the present muddle. Meanwhile, if Speaker McCormack and Senator Hayden are willing, might it not be a good temporary measure to return to the succession ordered in the Act of 1886—the Secretary of State, the Secretary of the Treasury, etc.—which for sixty years was never seriously challenged? This, surely, would be a better choice than that offered by the present Presidential succession law.

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Paul VI and the Bishops

OSBERT HASTINGS

ROME

IT IS the picture of the bishops locked in argument about their own powers and relationship with the Pope that remains most clearly in the mind now that the Second Session of the Ecumenical Council has come to a close. Pope Paul VI made it possible for the Council fathers to come immediately to grips with the central issue facing them. When the Council reopened he walked through the center of the great nave of St. Peter's between the banked rows of applauding prelates, his hands saluting and exhorting the assembly rather than blessing it. Idle gestures are no part of the man: it was the Pope but it was also a bishop among bishops. He then went on to say in his address how much he looked forward to the debates on the episcopate and its relation to the Papacy. This was a reference to the draft decree *De Ecclesia,* on the nature of the Church, with which the Council resumed proceedings. A month later, on October 30, the Council touched its historic moment with a series of votes on the divine right of the College of Bishops, united with the Pope, to supreme power over the government of the Church. This statement on what is now known as episcopal collegiality was the turning point of the Second Session and probably of the whole Council.

One bishop described that morning's work as completing that of the last Council, which was concluded prematurely in 1870 when the Kingdom of Italy's troops burst through the Porta Pia into Rome and brought the temporal power of the Church to an end. That Council had dealt with the Pope's spiritual power, defining supremacy and infallibility, but it did not have time to deal with the bishops. They came away from the Council with the famous definitions—as well as Italian guns—ringing in their ears, but with no statement of their own position.

Other accidents of history weighted the balance still more heavily against the bishops. After 1870, the Roman Curia, the central machinery for governing the Church, grew apace under Papal supremacy. It was a short step from a definition of Papal supremacy to a powerful ecclesiastical civil service at the very center of Roman Catholicism. And the fact that Pius XII, who preceded John XXIII, was of a centralizing turn of mind intensified the demands for episcopal rights that were given their field of expression with John's decision to summon his Council.

THE OCTOBER, 1963, votes marked a notable advance by the progressives (or whatever term can best express the attitude of ecclesiastics who are modern in outlook) over the conservatives. That division emerged at the First Session and has been somewhat overstressed by commentators intent on seeing the whole Council in black-and-white terms. Naturally, curial officials are traditionalist and, because they live and breathe the air of a central authority, are as opposed to seeing their authority curtailed as they are temperamentally inclined to place the most extreme interpretation on Papal supremacy. Naturally, too, they resent being resented. There were crosscurrents of opinion. Apart from bishops brought up on the dogmas of 1870, others were finding the centralization in Rome a useful refuge —particularly bishops in Communist countries or in mission territories. For a bishop faced with an inimical civil authority, sometimes with persecution, it was comforting to feel that Rome was behind him. After all, in a difficult position it is easier to argue as an instrument of a dis-

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tant master than as a negotiator with substantial powers. This accounted for the insistence of some of the Yugoslavian bishops on the fullest interpretation of Papal supremacy.

The most picturesque clash, bringing in most of these considerations, came on November 8, when Cardinal Ottaviani, the formidable Secretary of the Holy Office and an extreme conservative, was goaded into an angry outburst on the Council floor by the German Cardinal Frings. Beginning from the standpoint of the powers of the College of Bishops, which he felt to have been approved in principle by the test votes, Cardinal Frings called for a thorough revision of the Curia. His sharpest words were reserved for the Holy Office, the department responsible for all matters concerning faith and morals, which he described as out of harmony with modern times, a source of harm to the faithful and of scandal to non-Catholics.

Cardinal Ottaviani's answer was a protest against virtually everything that more progressive opinion was attempting to obtain. He defended the Holy Office itself on the ground that the attack came from a lack of knowledge of its procedures. He remarked that the Pope was prefect of the Holy Office and that criticism reflected on the Pontiff himself. He then delivered a final onslaught on the whole idea of the collegial powers of the bishops. "Those who propose the collegiality of the bishops proceed in a vicious circle, since they presume that the Apostles existed and acted as a collegial body. From the collegial character of the apostolic college they deduce the collegial character of the body of bishops. But even learned and experienced professors of sacred scripture will admit that this thesis has no solid foundations in the sacred books. Defending collegiality entails some limitation of at least the exercise of the universal primacy of the Roman Pontiff. The fact is that only Peter has responsibility for the whole flock of Christ. It is not the sheep who lead Peter, but it is Peter who guides the sheep."

Obviously the cardinal was angry and what he said was out of harmony with the feelings of the majority of the Council. Nevertheless he had a point in maintaining that collegiality and supremacy are difficult to mix. The upholders of episcopal rights deny this, claiming that the supremacy and all that was done in 1870 would remain intact even if their views on the bishops were accepted as doctrine.

This clash recalled the quarrels at the First Session, when Cardinal Ottaviani was discomfited because the more progressive-minded prelates managed, with help from John XXIII, to reject a draft he had supported on the sources of revelation. Cardinal Ottaviani, continuing his role as the Curia incarnate, was the target of many of the attacks in both sessions.

A Senate of Bishops?

But it is the difference between the two sessions that is fundamental, not the similarity. The First Session brought old-fashioned and new-fashioned ideas face to face. That was really what the debate on the sources of revelation was about; this time the Roman Church has come to grips with itself. Inexorably it is moving toward change, and inevitably it is the extreme conservatives who are saying so, while the innovators are pleading that they are simply bringing matters up to date.

On the central question of bishops' powers, they are looking into the past in order to modernize, because they base their claims, as Cardinal Ottaviani said, on their readings of what scripture reveals of apostolic practice. (Neither side in its interpretations of Peter's relationship with the Apostles, which is the starting point of the arguments about Pope and College, happens to have mentioned St. Paul, who was not one of the Twelve and yet, at the First Ecumenical Council, got his way against St. Peter.) This argument from history has brought them to a new formulation of Papal supremacy expressed in the Latin phrase *duplex forma*. It has also brought many of them to recognize the need for some permanent body in Rome of bishops drawn from all parts of the world to offer advice to the Pope on the government of the Church. They see this body both as a means to give the bishops their say in church affairs and to limit the Curia.

Several proposals of this kind have been put before the Council, all of them intended to put into practice the collegiality that the Council has accepted in principle. In general, what is proposed is a kind of Senate of Bishops; it would be permanent but its membership might frequently change. The insistence on a changing membership is important for two reasons: able prelates have often shown great reluctance to abandon their pastoral work and enter the curial atmosphere in Rome; and a permanent body with a permanent membership would simply be in effect two Curiae instead of one.

Another line of thought at this session, on whether national episcopal conferences could be another way of applying collegiality, encountered far more difficulties. Here the question was whether the decisions of the national episcopal conferences should be juridically binding. The conservatives naturally objected that once again this would mean impinging on Papal supremacy. Others joined them when they argued that bishops should not be forced to do what they were told by a majority of their colleagues. Some people disliked the term "national" anyway, since the Church is not inclined to think in national terms. It seemed reasonable enough to suppose that the existing national conferences and others likely to be brought into existence would receive no more than a touch of the mantle of collegiality. At the close of the session, this proved to be the fact. Additional powers and certain privileges were granted the bishops, but they were mainly administrative and had no bearing whatever on the question of collegiality, which remains in abeyance.

In the deliberations of the Council, ecumenical collegiality—the choice of "Peter with" over "Peter and" the Apostles—was of the highest importance. Acceptance of the principle would have helped Roman Catholic relations both with the Eastern Orthodox Churches and with the Protestants. For Protestants one of the main stumbling blocks to a better understanding with Rome was the growth of Papal power, which reached its maximum expression in 1870. It can be argued that the decisions of 1870 would have remained untouched by a move toward

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collegiality, but it can just as well be argued that in a new context of collegiality the idea of Papal supremacy would have seemed distinctly less fearsome.

After so much certainty, brandishing of scholarship, and fierce differences of opinon on the question of collegiality, the bishops spoke almost timidly when it came to talking of relations with non-Catholics. The auxiliary of San Antonio, Texas, Bishop Stephen Leven, chided them for this. Not a few of them, he said, had spoken of non-Catholic Christians as if they were children to be talked down to in a catechism class. The discussions, he went on, convinced him that dialogue was sorely needed, not so much with non-Catholics as among the Council fathers. He felt that there had been undue exaggeration of the scripture text pertaining to St. Peter, as though no other scripture text existed. Some of the fathers had taken the opportunity to preach, while others had seized every occasion to attack the collegiality of the bishops. They spoke as though John XXIII had never quoted the text in which St. Augustine declared that, whether we will or no, our separated brethren are our brethren. It had almost been insinuated, he went on, that the teaching of Pope John on religious liberty, as set forth in the Encyclical *Pacem in Terris,* was offensive to pious ears. The possible dangers of ecumenism had been exaggerated. The prelates engaged in interfaith activities were not disobedient to the Pope; and they were not the ones whose churches had become empty and who had lost their people to Communism.

Harsh words, but a good summary in many ways of the issues raised both by the *De Ecclesia* and the draft decree on ecumenism.

Unfinished Business

Frankness, harshness, stretches of real tedium: it is wrong to say that the Second Session was altogether different from the first. The atmosphere on the whole was easier. There was less sheer noise. The old tensions were nevertheless still in the air, liable to swoop down and find expression in flawed Latin. The Pope did what he could to keep the proceedings in motion. Notably, he created the moderators. This was a group of four efficient cardinals—Cardinal Döpfner, the Archbishop of Munich, who chafed during the last session under the effects of too much tolerance of long speeches; Cardinal Suenens, the quick-minded Archbishop of Malines-Brussels; Cardinal Lercaro, the respected Archbishop of Bologna; and the gentle Armenian, Cardinal Agagianian, who was inclined to be the one moderator reluctant to foreclose on speakers—so much so that certain talkative conservatives, strengthened by the

feeling that he was nearest to their point of view, saved their speeches until he was in the chair.

For all the energy of the two northern cardinals, the moderators were not expected to bring a transformation and it was beyond them to discipline the debates effectively. The failure to finish the debate on ecumenism was a disappointment; it would have given the Council one of the most important of its seventeen drafts to show to the world as finished and promulgated. Apart from the chapters devoted specifically to relations with other Christians, this draft had two additional chapters of unusual significance. One dealt with relations between Roman Catholics and Jews, which was clearly intended to place the Church unmistakably against all forms of anti-Semitism. The second, on religious liberty, was regarded by some of the bishops who supported it, and who had hoped to see it pass this session, as a turning point in Roman Catholic thought on the subject, ending all possibility of persecution and oppression of conscience. It would have freed the Church from the constant charge that it cries loud for religious freedom when it is in a minority but, once in control, becomes repressive.

Perhaps it was too much to expect that issues of such gravity could have been moved through the Second Session, particularly as so much time and energy was expended on the question of episcopal powers. But it is still a sobering thought that of the seventeen draft decrees (reduced from an original seventy) before the Council, only two—the one on liturgy and that on modern media of social communications—were ready for promulgation after two long sessions. There is in fact talk now that the Third Session, to be held in September, 1964, will be the last of its kind for this Council—just as many people believe that the Council as a whole may also be the last of its kind—and that completion of the work would then be left to continuing committees. And a mass of unfinished business is what best pleases the conservatives of the Curia.

Pope Paul kept in close contact with his moderators throughout the session. This constant but indirect control is the opposite of his predecessor's technique. John XXIII left the Council fathers to their own devices, following their debates on his closed-circuit television until he felt that his intervention was required. Then, invariably, it would prove decisive and instinctively right. Paul VI is more methodical, more careful. He makes his wishes known, but in private, behind the scenes.

The new Pope's acceptance of the fact that he is very different from his predecessor actually gives him much greater freedom to continue, in his own way, the work of John XXIII.

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A Southern City With Northern Problems

HUNTER S. THOMPSON

LOUISVILLE

QUINO'S CAFE is on Market Street, two blocks up the hill from the river in the heart of Louisville's legal and financial district, and often in the long, damp Ohio Valley afternoons a lot of people who might ordinarily avoid such a place will find themselves standing at Quino's white formica counter, drinking a Fehrs or a Falls City beer, and eating a "genuine twenty cent beercheese sandwich" while they skim through an early edition of the Louisville *Times*. If you stand at the counter and watch the street you will see off-duty cops and courthouse loafers, visiting farmers with five children and a pregnant wife in the cab of a pickup truck, and a well-fed collection of lawyers and brokers in two-button suits and cordovan shoes. You will also see quite a few Negroes, some of them also wearing business suits and cordovan shoes. Louisville takes pride in its race relations, and the appearance of well-dressed Negroes in the Courthouse-City Hall district does not raise any eyebrows.

This city, known as "Derbytown," and "The Gateway to the South," has done an admirable job in breaking down the huge and traditional barriers between the black man and the white. Here in the mint julep country, where the Negro used to be viewed with all the proprietary concern that men lavish on a good coon hound ("Treat him fine when he works good—but when he acts lazy and no-count, beat him till he hollers"), the integration of the races has made encouraging headway.

Racial segregation has been abolished in nearly all public places. Negroes entered the public schools in 1956 with so little trouble that the superintendent of schools was moved to write a book about it, called *The Louisville Story*. Since then, restaurants, hotels, parks, movie theatres, stores, swimming pools, bowling alleys, and even business schools have been opened to Negroes. As a clincher, the city recently passed an ordinance that outlaws racial discrimination in any public accommodation. This has just about done the deed; out of ninety-nine establishments "tested" by NAACP workers, there were only four complaints—two from the same East End bar. Mayor William Cowger, whose progressive Republican administration has caused even Democrats to mutter with admiration, spoke for most of his fellow citizens recently when he said, "The stories of violence in other cities should make us proud to live in Louisville. We enjoy national prestige for sane and sensible race relations."

The Second Front

All this is true—and so it is all the more surprising to visit Louisville and find so much evidence to the contrary. Why, for instance, does a local Negro leader say, "Integration here is a farce"? Why, also, has a local Negro minister urged his congregation to arm themselves? Why do Louisville Negroes bitterly accuse the Federal urban-renewal project of creating "de facto segregation"? Why can't a Negro take out a mortgage to buy a home in most white neighborhoods? And why is there so much bitterness in the remarks of Louisvillians both black and white? "Integration is for poor people," one hears; "they can't afford to buy their way out of it." Or, "In ten years, downtown Louisville will be as black as Harlem."

What is apparent in Louisville is that the Negro has won a few crucial battles, but instead of making the breakthrough he expected, he has come up against segregation's second front, where the problems are not mobs and unjust laws but customs and traditions. The Louisville Negro, having taken the first basic steps, now faces a far more subtle thing than the simple "yes" or "no" that his brothers are still dealing with in most parts of the South. To this extent, Louisville has integrated itself right out of the South, and now faces problems more like those of a Northern or Midwestern city.

The white power structure has given way in the public sector, only to entrench itself more firmly in the private. And the Negro—especially the educated Negro—feels that his victories are hollow and his "progress" is something he reads about in the newspapers. The outlook for Louisville's Negroes may have improved from "separate but equal" to "equal but separate." But it still leaves a good deal to be desired.

THE WHITE power structure, as defined by local Negroes, means the men who run the town, the men who control banking and industry

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and insurance, who pay big taxes and lend big money and head important civic committees. Their names are not well known to the average citizen, and when they get publicity at all it is likely to be in the society sections of the one-owner local press. During the day, their headquarters is the Pendennis Club on downtown Walnut Street, where they meet for lunch, squash, steam baths, and cocktails. "If you want to get things done in this town," according to a young lawyer very much on the way up, "you'd better belong to the Pendennis." On evenings and weekends the scene shifts to the Louisville Country Club far out in the East End, or clear across the county line to Harmony Landing, where good polo and good whiskey push business out of sight if not out of mind.

Anybody who pays dues to at least two of these clubs can consider himself a member in good standing of the white power structure. This is the group that determines by quiet pressure, direct action, and sometimes even default just how far and fast Louisville will move toward integration. Among themselves, it is clear, they are no more integrated now than they were ten years ago, and they are not likely to be at any time in the near future. They have for the most part taken their sons and daughters out of the public schools or moved to suburban areas where the absence of Negroes makes integration an abstract question. The only time they deal actively with Negroes is when they give the maid a ride to the bus stop, get their shoes shined, or attend some necessary but unpleasant confrontation with a local Negro spokesman. Despite an ancient conditioning to prejudice, however, they are, in the main, a far more progressive and enlightened lot than their counterparts in Birmingham or even in a lot of cases than their own sons and daughters.

There is a feeling in liberal circles, especially in New York and Washington, that the banner of racial segregation has little appeal to the younger generation. And Murray Kempton has written that the special challenge of the 1960's "is how to appease the Negro without telling the poor white." But neither theory appears to apply in Louisville. Some of the bitterest racists in town belong to the best families, and no Mississippi dirt farmer rants more often against the "niggers" than do some of Louisville's young up-and-coming executives just a few years out of college. At Bauer's, a fashionable pine-paneled tavern much frequented by the young bucks of the social set, the sentiment is overwhelmingly anti-Negro. Late in the evening some of the habitués may find themselves carried along in the confusion of drink and good-fellowship toward Magazine Street in the heart of the colored section. There, at Oliver's and Big John's and the Diamond Horseshoe, the action goes on until dawn and a carload of jovial racists are as welcome as anybody else, black or white. The Negroes suspend their resentment, the whites suspend their prejudice, and everybody enjoys the music and the entertainment. But there is little or no mingling, and the activities of

the night are quite separate from those of the day.

You get a feeling, after a while, that the young are not really serious either about denouncing the "nigger" for "not knowing his place" or about ignoring the color line for nocturnal visits to Magazine Street. Both are luxuries that will not last, and the young are simply enjoying them while they can. Mayor Cowger likes to say: "People are different here. We get along with each other because we don't like trouble." Others will tell you that Louisville has no overt racial problem because the greatest commitment of the majority of white citizens is simply to maintain the status quo, whatever it happens to be.

In such a society, of course, it might be argued that almost anything can happen as long as it happens slowly and inconspicuously without getting people stirred up. All of which naturally frustrates the Negro, who has said that he wants freedom now. If the Negro were patient—and who can tell him he should be?—he would have no problem. But "freedom now" is not in the white Louisville vocabulary.

'My Neighbor Is Prejudiced'

A good example of the majority viewpoint shows up in the housing situation, which at the moment is inextricably linked with urban renewal. As it happens, the urban-renewal project centers mainly in the downtown Negro district, and most of the people who have to be relocated are black. It also happens that the only part of town to which Negroes can move is the West End, an old and tree-shaded neighborhood bypassed by progress and now in the throes of a selling panic because of the Negro influx. There is a growing fear, shared by whites and Negroes alike, that the West End is becoming a black ghetto.

Frank Stanley, Jr., the Negro leader who said "Integration here is a farce," blames urban renewal for the problem. "All they're doing is moving the ghetto, intact, from the middle of town to the West End." Urban-renewal officials reply to this by claiming the obvious: that their job is not to desegregate Louisville but to relocate people as quickly and advantageously as possible. "Sure they move to the West End," says one official. "Where else can they go?"

It is a fact that whites are moving out of the West End as fast as they can. A vocal minority is trying to stem the tide, but there is hardly a block without a "For Sale" sign, and some blocks show as many as ten. Yet there is "hardly any" race preju-

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dice in the West End. Talk to a man with his house for sale and you'll be given to understand that he is not moving because of any reluctance to live near Negroes. Far from it; he is proud of Louisville's progress toward integration. But he is worried about the value of his property; and you know, of course, what happens to property values when a Negro family moves into an all-white block. So he's selling now to get his price while the getting is good.

Depending on the neighborhood, he may or may not be willing to sell to Negroes. The choice is all his, and will be until Louisville passes an "open housing" ordinance to eliminate skin color as a factor in the buying and selling of homes. Such an ordinance is already in the planning stage.

Meanwhile, the homeowner who will sell to Negroes is a rare bird—except in the West End. And arguments are presented with great feeling that those who will show their homes only to whites are not prejudiced, merely considerate of their neighbors. "Personally, I have nothing against colored people," a seller will explain. "But I don't want to hurt the neighbors. If I sold my house to a Negro it would knock several thousand dollars off the value of every house on the block."

Most Negro realtors deny this, citing the law of supply and demand. Good housing for Negroes is scarce, they point out, and prices are consequently higher than those on the white market, where demand is not so heavy. There are, however, both white and Negro real-estate speculators who engage in "block busting." They will work to place a Negro in an all-white block, then try to scare the other residents into selling cheap. Quite often they succeed—then resell to Negroes at a big profit.

According to Jesse P. Warders, a real-estate agent and a long-time leader in Louisville's Negro community, "What this town needs is a single market for housing—not two, like we have now." Warders is counting on an "open housing" ordinance, and he maintains that the biggest obstacle to open housing without an ordinance is the lack of Negroes on Louisville's Real Estate Board.

In order to be a "realtor" in Louisville, a real-estate agent has to be a member of "the Board," which does not accept Negroes. Warders is a member of the Washington-based National Institute of Real Estate Brokers, which has about as much influence here as the French Foreign Legion.

LOUISVILLE, like other cities faced with urban decay, has turned to the building of midtown apartments as a means of luring suburbanites back to the city center. In the newest and biggest of these, called "The 800," Warders tried to place a Negro client. The reaction was a good indicator of the problems facing Negroes after they break the barrier of outright racism.

"Do me a favor," the builder of The 800 told Warders. "Let me get the place fifty per cent full—that's my break-even point—then I'll rent to your client."

Warders was unhappy with the rebuff, but he believes the builder will eventually rent to Negroes; and that, he thinks, is real progress. "What should I say to the man?" he asked. "I know for a fact that he's refused some white people, too.

What that man wants is prestige tenants; he'd like to have the mayor living in his place, he'd like to have the president of the board of aldermen. Hell, I'm in business, too. I might not like what he says, but I see his point."

Warders has been on the firing line long enough to know the score. He is convinced that fear of change and the reluctance of most whites to act in any way that might be frowned on by the neighbors is the Negroes' biggest problem in Louisville. "I know how they feel, and so do most of my clients. But do you think it's right?"

The 800 was built with the considerable help of an FHA-guaranteed loan, which places the building automatically in the open housing category. Furthermore, the owner insists that he is color-blind on the subject of tenants. But he assumes none the less that the prestige tenants he wants would not consider living in the same building with Negroes.

It is the same assumption that motivates a homeowner to sell to whites only—not because of race prejudice but out of concern for property values. In other words, almost nobody has anything against Negroes, but everybody's neighbor does.

This is galling to the Negroes. Simple racism is an easy thing to confront, but a mixture of guilty prejudice, economic worries, and threatened social standing is much harder to fight. "If all the white people I've talked to had the courage of their convictions," one Negro leader has said, "we wouldn't have a problem here."

A Blank Wall

Louisville's lending institutions frustrate Negroes in the same way. Frank Stanley, Jr., claims that there's a gentlemen's agreement among bankers to prevent Negroes from getting mortgages to buy homes in white neighborhoods. The complaint would seem to have a certain validity, although once again less sinister explanations are offered. The lending agencies cite business reasons, not race prejudice, as the reason for their stand. Concern for the reaction of their depositors seems to be a big factor, and another is the allegation that such loans would be a poor risk—especially if the institution holds mortgages on other homes in the neighborhood. Here again is the fear of falling property values.

There is also the question whether a Negro would have any more difficulty getting a mortgage to buy a home in a white upper-class neighborhood than would a member of another minority group—say, a

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plumber named Luciano, proud possessor of six children, a dirty spitz that barks at night, and a ten-year-old pickup truck with "Luciano Plumbing" painted on the side.

Mayor Cowger, a mortgage banker himself, insists that a Negro would have no more trouble than the hypothetical Mr. Luciano. Another high-ranking occupant of City Hall disagrees: "That's what the mayor would like to think, but it just isn't true. Nobody in Rolling Fields, for instance, would want an Italian plumber for a neighbor, but at least they could live with him, whereas a Negro would be unthinkable because he's too obvious. It wouldn't matter if he were a doctor or a lawyer or anything else. The whites in the neighborhood would fear for the value of their property and try to sell it before it dropped."

Another common contention is that Negroes "don't want to move into an all-white neighborhood." The East End, for instance, remains solidly white except for alley dwellings and isolated shacks. The mayor, who lives in the East End, has said, "Negroes don't want to live here. It wouldn't be congenial for them. There are some fine Negro neighborhoods in the West End—beautiful homes. They don't try to buy homes where they won't be happy. People just don't do things like that." Some people do, however, and it appears that almost without exception they get turned down flat. One Negro executive with adequate funds called a white realtor and made an appointment to look at a house for sale in the East End. Things went smoothly on the telephone, but when the Negro arrived at the realtor's office the man was incensed. "What are you trying to do?" he demanded. "You know I can't sell you that house. What are you up to, anyway?"

No realtor, however, admits to racial prejudice, at least while talking to strangers. They are, they point out, not selling their own homes but those of their clients. In the same fashion, mortgage bankers are quick to explain that they do not lend their own money. A man making inquiries soon gets the impression that all clients, investors, and depositors are vicious racists and dangerous people to cross. Which is entirely untrue in Louisville—although it is hard to see how a Negro, after making the rounds of "very sympathetic" realtors, could be expected to believe anything else.

Human Values, Property Values

Housing ranks right at the top among Louisville's racial problems. According to Frank Stanley, Jr., "Housing is basic; once we have whites and Negroes living together, the rest will be a lot easier." Jesse P. Warders, the real-estate agent, however, rates unemployment as the No. 1 problem area, because "Without money, you can't enjoy the other things."

The Louisville Human Relations Commission, one of the first of its kind in the nation, agrees that although the city has made vast strides in the areas of education and public accommodations, the problems of housing and employment are still largely unsolved because "These areas are much more complex and confront long-established customs based on a heritage of prejudice." Of the two, however, the commission sees housing as a bigger problem. J. Mansir Tydings, executive director of the commission, is optimistic about the willingness of merchants and other employers to hire Negroes: "Already—and much sooner than we expected—our problem is training unemployed Negroes to fill positions that are open."

YET THERE is still another big hurdle, less tangible than such factors as housing and employment but perhaps more basic when it comes to finding an ultimate solution. This is the pervasive distrust among the white power structure of the Negro leadership's motives. Out in the dove-shooting country, in the suburbs beyond the East End, Stanley is viewed as an "opportunist politician" and a "black troublemaker." Bishop Ewbank Tucker, the minister who urged his congregation to arm themselves, is called an extremist and a Black Muslim. The possibility that some of the Negro leaders do sometimes agitate for the sake of agitation often cramps the avenues of communication between white and Negro leaders.

Even among Negroes, Stanley is sometimes viewed with uneasiness and Bishop Tucker called a racist. A former president of the Louisville NAACP, on hearing the statement that local Negroes "resent the national publicity concerning Louisville's progress in race relations," laughed and dismissed Stanley as a "very nice, very smart young fella with a lot to learn." (Stanley is twenty-six.)

"He wants things to go *properly*," said the NAACP man. "But difficult things never go properly—life isn't that way." He smiled nervously. "Forty years ago I came back here thinking I could be a Black Moses—I thought I was going to set my people free. But I couldn't do it then and it can't be done now. It's not a thing you can do overnight—it's going to take years and years and years."

Nearly everyone agrees with that, and even with all its problems, Louisville looks to be a lot further along the road to facing and solving the "Negro problem" than many other cities. Even Stanley, who appears to make a cult of militant noncompromise, will eventually admit to a visitor that he threatens far more demonstrations than he ever intends to produce.

"The white power structure here tries to cling to the status quo. They keep telling me not to rock the boat, but I rock it anyway because it's the only way to make them move. We have to keep the pressure on them every minute, or we dissipate our strength.

"Louisville isn't like Birmingham," he adds. "I think there's a conviction here that this thing is morally wrong—without that, we'd have real trouble."

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Baghdad: Coup by Consent

DAVID HOLDEN

BAGHDAD

SOON AFTER six o'clock on the morning of November 18, Baghdad awoke to the sound of gunfire as tanks and armored cars rattled into the city from the outskirts. This was the third successful military coup in Iraq in the last five and a half years. In between, most people had lost count of the unsuccessful attempts to overthrow one government or another. The sound of the guns at dawn, the closed airport and the stranded passengers, the martial music on the radio, and the deserted streets under a day-long curfew have become staple ingredients of Iraqi life and politics.

The repeated struggles in Iraq have usually had an ideological, or at least an idealistic, beginning. Each *coup d'état* has marked the end of one cycle and the beginning of another in the anguished search for Arab unity. In the first of the series, in July, 1958, Brigadier Abdel Karim Kassem and Colonel Abdel Salam Aref led the army in the bloody destruction of the Hashemite monarchy guided by Premier Nuri es Saïd. Nuri was a product of the Ottoman Empire, under which the Arabs were united after a fashion under the brutal but lackadaisical Turkish rule. He had helped the British in the Arab revolt during the First World War; and when the British and French carved up the Middle East between them, with Iraq as a British sphere of influence, in time Nuri became Iraq's leading politician. He ran a tough state. He formed many ministries, strengthened the Iraq Development Board to put the new nation's oil revenues to constructive use, and dreamed of a united Fertile Crescent of Iraq and Syria to bring together the Arabs whom London and Paris had put asunder.

BUT Arab nationalism after the Second World War, when Nuri reached the zenith of his power, was a different force from the Arab revolt he had grown up with. Impetuous, led by the townsmen instead of by the tribes, by republican colonels and lawyers instead of by sheiks and princes, anti-imperialist and deeply embittered by the creation of Israel, the new nationalism rejected Nuri's cautious dependence on British aid and advice. To the new men, Nuri seemed a stooge and Nasser became their hero.

The high point of Arab nationalist enthusiasm was 1958, when the small but influential Ba'ath Party in Syria, until then little known outside the Arab professional classes, offered its country to Nasser on a plate. The Ba'athists were in a hurry, partly out of fear of a growing Communist influence in Syria and partly to fulfill their own vision of unity under the man who, sixteen months after the Suez crisis, was the undisputed leader of the Arab world. After brief discussions Nasser accepted, and the United Arab Republic of Egypt and Syria was proclaimed in February, 1958. The whole Arab world tensed with excitment. Within two weeks King Hussein of Jordan and Nuri in Iraq had announced a rival Hashemite federation and were trumpeting the cause of unity: a struggle between the two groups was inevitable. It came over Lebanon where, in the early summer of 1958, Moslems and Christians reached the verge of war over the government's pro-western policy. Nasser took the side of the predominantly Moslem opposition, while Nuri and Hussein supported the Lebanese government and its predominantly Christian partisans.

Pursuing Arab Unity

In the confusion of the political and military maneuvers that resulted, the Iraqi Army found its first real opportunity to get the better of Nuri. On July 14, it struck. Nuri's body was dragged through the streets of Baghdad behind a jeep, the royal family was wiped out and the palace sacked, the British embassy was set on fire, and a mood of savage elation gripped the people. This, it seemed, was the new dawn of Arab unity and dignity.

But, like other dawns before it, it proved false; and the record of the last five and a half years has been one of growing disillusionment, inside and outside Iraq. Kassem's

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régime began in wild enthusiasm but soon split between the moderates, who wanted to proceed cautiously with Iraqi nationalism, and the extremists led by Colonel Aref, who wanted to rush into union with President Nasser. At first Kassem enlisted the Ba'ath Party of Iraq in his own defense against the extremists, for by now the Ba'ath were disillusioned with Nasser, having seen their Syrian colleagues brushed aside after the federation with Egypt. When they become too powerful, he turned to the Iraqi Communists, then back again to the nationalists, and so on in a multilateral seesaw of influence that seemed in the end to absorb all his powers, while practical government steadily ran down. Kassem embarked on an endless and unsuccessful war against the non-Arab Kurdish tribes in the northern mountains, who demanded provincial autonomy. Once again, both the army and the civilian population grew restive. And once more the army struck, inspired this time by Ba'athist officers and civilians. In February of this year it was Kassem's turn to be assassinated. When his body was shown on television to viewers in Baghdad, the reaction was less the elation of 1958 than sheer relief at the chance his death offered of a fresh start. The former Colonel Aref, promoted now to field marshal for time served in prison under Kassem, was declared president, a National Revolutionary Council was formed of military officers and civilians, and Arab unity was again proclaimed as the revolutionary goal.

But this time it was going to be unity under Ba'athist auspices, for it quickly emerged that many of the officers and civilians on the National Council were Ba'athists, with the principal exception of Aref himself, who became more and more a figurehead. The word "Ba'ath" means, roughly, "renaissance"; and the party is dedicated officially to the pursuit of an Arab renaissance through a combination of unity and socialism. Its founders were Syrian professional men who received a French political education between the wars. They have adopted a cell structure for the party, which makes it a useful instrument of conspiracy, and have joined a woolly Marxism to an even woollier mysticism to create what they claim is the only coherent philosophy of Arab nationalism and unity. They make much of the fact that the Ba'ath is the only political party with members in several Arab states (except for the right-wing Moslem Brotherhood, whose religious fanaticism the Ba'ath scorns). The party's organization includes not only regional (i.e., national) councils but also an international high command that brings together leaders of the party from every Arab country where it is represented. The secretary-general of the international high command, one of the most influential figures in the party, is a small, shy former schoolteacher from Damascus named Michel Aflak. Curiously enough, he is a Christian but he has devoted his adult life to reconciling through the Ba'ath Party the mystical and religious appeal of an Arab rebirth with the secular approach of Marxism.

FEW PEOPLE think he has succeeded. There is, however, no doubt that under his guidance the Ba'ath has acquired an international Arab following, especially among students and middle-class professionals. After the union of 1958, it also secured the allegiance of a number of army officers in Syria who had become disaffected through the arrogance of Egyptian domination. The Ba'athists were equally disillusioned with Nasser. He had accepted their offer of union but thereafter utterly ignored their advice. When the Syrian Army revolted against

Egypt in 1961, they quickly saw their opportunity to seize power again. But it was not until the spring of this year, a couple of weeks after their party colleagues in Iraq had shown the way in February, that the Syrian Ba'athists contrived another coup of their own. Then, with Ba'athist régimes established both in Damascus and Baghdad, backed by the Syrian and Iraqi Armies, they turned once more to Nasser in search of a greater Arab unity but hoping, this time, to dictate the terms.

The attempt failed. Within a few weeks, Nasser and the Ba'ath were at each other's throats. The projected union of Egypt, Syria, and Iraq fell apart and the last two made their own arrangements for bilateral union, while Radio Cairo attacked their governments daily as "fascist reactionaries and traitors."

The Ba'ath's ideological woolliness seems to have been its undoing. Instead of getting on with the practical business of government, the Ba'athists fell into doctrinaire argument about their aims. Both in Syria and Iraq the party seems to have been divided between moderates and extremists. The moderates wanted to play down the quarrel with Nasser, yet stick to collective rather than personal leadership and a modicum of party democracy—two principles which, they believed, distinguished their nationalism from the personal dictatorship of Nasser. The extremists sought to abandon any pretense of democracy in favor of strict one-party rule and urged a tougher line with Nasser.

DURING the last two or three months their internecine squabbles grew steadily more violent, with each side trying to oust the other. In Syria a few weeks ago, the extremists seemed to hold a slight advantage, aided by the fact that the party had ruthlessly purged both the army and the civil service of any consequential non-Ba'athists in the last six months. In Iraq, however, the army was still a more independent force, partly because it had resumed the late General Kassem's war against the Kurds and could not be purged so easily, partly because it was naturally suspicious of the paramilitary National Guard groups that the Ba'ath had recruited in thousands all over Iraq.

As the Ba'ath squabbles continued and the daily life of Iraq stagnated again, civilians and soldiers grew impatient for a third time. The breaking point for the Iraqi Army came in mid-November when a small extremist group attempted a coup. The presidential palace was attacked by a lone jet aircraft, and President Aref narrowly escaped death when a rocket hit his bedroom

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while he was in the adjoining bathroom. When Syrian and other international Ba'ath leaders were called in to settle the internal quarrel, the army decided that enough was enough. To be humiliated by the Kurds was bad; to see Iraq made a laughingstock and the army humiliated again by Syrian civilians was simply not to be endured. Pausing only a few days to bring up reinforcements to Baghdad, it struck on the morning of November 18.

Firing continued in Baghdad for two days as the army dispersed or arrested the National Guardsmen. Uncertainty persisted for several days more, but inevitably the tanks won the day. Some Ba'athists were arrested, the Syrian Ba'athist advisers were deported, and again Abdel Salam Aref, the man of many coups, was heard proclaiming that the army had taken control and he had assumed "full powers." This proved to be misleading. Aref has remained president, but other army officers named to the new "National Revolutionary Council" or the new cabinet may be at least as powerful. Among them, General Taher Yehya, former army chief of staff and now both premier and a senior member of the Council, has been mentioned as perhaps the most active and influential. The consensus in Baghdad is that Aref once more—as he had nine months ago—reflected rather than inspired the feelings of the officer corps and has consented to, more than initiated, the coup.

With or without Colonel, Field Marshal, or President Aref, however, this coup differs at first sight from its two predecessors in not imposing a clean sweep of the previous régime. Seven of the twenty-one ministers in the new cabinet, including five civilians, have the same jobs as before. General Hassan Bakr, premier until November 18, has been named vice-president—which suggests that he has been kicked upstairs. Some of the retained ministers had reputations as moderate Ba'athists, although in the week immediately after the coup it was considered impolitic in Baghdad to remind officials of the fact.

What seems to have happened is that the army has gathered all the real power—the National Revolutionary Council, the executive branch of the government where all significant decisions are made, is entirely military—but its officers are prepared to co-operate with other elements provided they behave themselves. In practice this seems likely to mean that while neutralism and anti-imperialism will be maintained on the now well-established nationalist model, some of the wilder Ba'athist plans for Arab socialism, such as a proposal to collectivize small farms, will be abandoned. Friendlier approaches probably will be made to Nasser, but there is unlikely to be any new rush toward federation with Egypt, and if there were, Nasser himself after his recent experiences might well be the first to discourage it. Negotiations for union with Syria seem likely to be postponed for the time being, and the Kurdish war, waged off and on for nearly three years, may be abandoned in favor of negotiations. Some members of the new régime, smarting under the Kurdish humiliation, may wish to pursue the war, but the general feeling is that it has gone on far too long already and dangerously sapped the army's morale. A settlement would be welcomed by most Iraqis; a continuation or a resumption of the war could be the first thing to break the new government.

Another False Dawn?

If—and it still is a big "if"—the new régime follows these prognostications, its effect on the Middle East generally may be almost as profound as that of its two predecessors. Already, its existence—and the corresponding eclipse of the Ba'ath party—has considerably improved Nasser's position. Now that the Ba'ath seems to be hanging itself with its own rope, Arabs are reminded again of Nasser's endurance. Unlike his rivals, he springs back after every reverse. Almost alone among Arab leaders, he commands in Egypt an ancient and genuine nation-state, not just a latter-day agglomeration of tribes and townsmen, desert and oasis, arbitrarily defined by a twentieth-century frontier. He operates from a united base, while the others begin their search for Arab unity in domestic disarray.

This is at least as true of Syria as it is of Iraq. The strengthened possibility of a further upheaval there following the Baghdad coup may encourage Nasser to greater efforts against the Ba'athists in Damascus, with whom he has had a score to settle ever since the end of the first United Arab Republic.

But if the new régime in Baghdad sticks to the moderate nationalism that its present composition suggests, it could—just could—mark a turning point in the frenetic search for Arab unity. By replacing the doctrinaire attitude of the Ba'ath extremists and the ultimately sterile cult of personality offered by most Nasserists with a workmanlike approach to common Arab issues—from oil and development to Israel and the refugees—Iraq might set a new tone of gradualism in Arab affairs.

It is far too soon to say that it will—and past experience is not encouraging. The Arabs are a volatile people—sitting in a cloaca with their brow touching heaven, said the British nineteenth-century traveler Charles Doughty. And Iraq is a divided nation, with a stagnant economy, a disorganized administration, an army unsure of itself, and a Kurdish war still to settle. In the last five and a half years of intrigue and disorder, its people have sunk into bitter apathy. Gone now are the elation of 1958 and even the relief of last February. No mobs have cheered or jeered this time. They have simply stayed at home.

"We have done this to restore the dignity of Iraq," said an army captain who came to my hotel the day after the latest coup. But a chambermaid sobbed "Iraq! Iraq!" as the machine guns rattled outside, and "All we want is peace" were the words of a servant who rented me his bicycle to ride to the cable office through the empty streets.

They are dirty streets, unkempt and flyblown, and littered now with the physical and metaphorical debris of the days since Nuri's death. Few except the elderly and privileged regret Nuri's passing, but many now wonder what he was killed for. In the city that once inspired the tales of *The Thousand and One Nights* in the days of Arab glory, these last years have seemed like one long night, and every new dawn a false one.

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Young Man, Old Man

ALFRED KAZIN

1. Hemingway:

No Further Down the Stream

IN HIS LAST YEARS they called him "Papa"; he had a beard. The beard may have been grown, as Longfellow did his, to hide some physical damage—there had surely been a lot of damage. From boyhood on, he had suffered accidents that were grotesque in their violence to this body they did not kill. As a boy he fell and had a stick driven into the back of his throat, gouging out parts of both tonsils; once, while out fishing, he got a fishhook caught in his back; in 1918 when he was a Red Cross worker in Italy distributing supplies to soldiers, a mortar shell exploded more than twenty fragments into his legs, and he was then hit twice by machine-gun bullets while carrying a more seriously injured man to the rear; as a young writer in Paris during the twenties, he was clipped on the forehead by pieces of a skylight that fell just as he was standing under it; in Wyoming, in 1930, his car turned over, and his right arm was pinned back by the top of the windshield and badly fractured, the bone sticking out of his muscle. Still another time, his brother Leicester reports, Hemingway shot a shark with a rifle, but the bullets split into several small pieces of hot lead that ricocheted into the calves of both legs. In 1949, while duck shooting in the marshes near Venice, he got a bit of shell wadding blown into his eye, and a serious infection developed; in 1953, he crash-landed in Africa, and the rescue plane that picked him up also crashed and burned; when he reached medical aid at Nairobi, just in time to read his obituaries, his internal organs had been wrenched out of place, his spine was injured, and he was bleeding from every orifice.

Like the beaten-up Colonel Cantwell in *Across the River and Into the Trees,* who examining his scarred, burned, and pitted body in the hotel mirror was relieved that "the gut is flat" and that "the chest is all right except where it contains the defective muscle," Hemingway felt that he had honorable wounds and that his grizzled old warrior's beard now dignified them. He was "Papa," he had gone through his century's wars in Italy, in Greece, in Spain, in Britain, he had had endless side adventures and campaigns, he had slain his thousands of beasts —yea, like Nimrod, he had been a mighty hunter before the Lord. Worn out with many countries, many hunts, many loves, he could even, as a universal celebrity, feel that he had been worn out by art, for he had certainly fathered the most admired, the most imitated literary prose of his generation. No other novelist between the two wars had had so many followers, imitators, disciples. Hemingway had become like Ford, the name of a product; like Lindbergh, of a unique daring. In every new generation, after the twenties, the young people who were most ardent, the young writers who were most impatient with the worn-out language of their society, looked up to Hemingway as the personification of militancy in life and of freshness in literary art. Even in Russia, Hemingway has been the most admired of contemporary writers, particularly valued for the brusque, clipped, lyric directness of his work—peculiarly suitable, say Russians, to life in a fast-moving technical society. In Italy, Americans discovered to their amazement after the war, Hemingway was regarded as the greatest possible purifier of a literary language overgrown with rhetoric and exploited by literary posturers. Among revolutionary youth in all the Spanish-speaking countries, Hemingway was the great exemplar of a pugnaciously direct attitude toward life. In America even his admirers felt that Hemingway had exposed his sentimentality in *For Whom the Bell Tolls.* But when Fidel Castro was still merely a guerrilla leader in the Sierra Madre, his favorite book, which he carried around with him, was this romantic literary interpretation of the Spanish Civil War.

HEMINGWAY when still a young man could feel that he had become the "old man" of the revolution in modern literature. Only T. S. Eliot called out of students of literature so much anxious labor to trace, to pin down, to propagate what was now regarded as the model style and even a code by which to live. And Hemingway himself, from the time he became famous, was not slow to speak on art and life as one having authority. His manner, though carrying the clear implication that it was probably no use to express clearly what he had learned about men, cities, and books, also showed that a great deal was expected of Ernest Hemingway. There was an impatient, jeering bitterness to his pronouncements—he had been through experiences that he was quite sure other people had not. He had tested himself, he knew what life was all about and what was required in order to live. Papa spoke from experience. His own stories and novels documented the school of violence that he had been through—the world of "in our time," of "men without women," of "winner take nothing," of a "lost generation" and of the empty repetition of time, in which the sun also rises, of a farewell to arms, of killers and cheating fathers, until finally all is nada, hail nada, all is nada.

These early stories and novels read as if the author had sacrificed everything to express the age with the clarity and truth achievable only in art. Hemingway's effect was to leave people with a distinct moral attitude, with a strategy for living. Not only did he handle words with a new austerity; he gave the reader confidence that he would be able to handle life from now on. Something

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The Last Page But One

There will come a day when you will remember History all too well.
The deaths of kings and princes, shady politics at home,
Cleopatra and her asp and why the Bastille fell.

You will, for once, look the American eagle in the eyes,
And feel his vast, impersonal, amber stare
As though you cannot know too much and still be counted wise.

Somewhere, perhaps in sleep, you stroked the lion's mane
And sensed the heavy, heavy coursing blood of time
As it asserts its massive way through every sensual vein.

And you will ask yourself as you accelerate the brute intake
Of classic myths relived without a sense of form
If this could be by any chance the summer of last heartbreak.

You will be bold enough to stand as on an autumn plain,
For autumn seems, in fact, to be the meat of History's mood,
And, in advance, relume the summer as one that will not come again.

In such a light the step beyond is calculated risk—
Awakening the lion, flushing the bird, keeping the angry doors wide open,
You never let the heart remind it is not equal to the task.

—CHARLES EDWARD EATON

had been worked out in this school of violent experience, a code had been shaped, from now on one would know better how to meet the treacherous times. The century was the problem to which Hemingway's work seemed to supply the solution. And when the writer, after his early stories and novels, turned to himself in *Death in the Afternoon* (1932), he spoke about his travels as one who had earned the right to pronounce: "We've seen it all go and we'll watch it go again. The great thing is to last and get your work done and see and hear and learn and understand; and write when there is something that you know; and not before; and not too damned much after. Let those who want to save the world if you can get to see it clear and as whole. Then any part you make will represent the whole if it's made truly."

By 1935, in *Green Hills of Africa*, the manner had become jeering. Kandisky, an Austrian with a car stalled in the depths of Africa, is excited to meet the famous Hemingway. But when he asks the Master about other writers, Hemingway explains that "I did not wish to destroy anything this man had, and so I did not go into these brilliant people in detail." Then he explains, about America, that "We do not have great writers. Something happens to our good writers at a certain age. . . . You see we make our writers into something very strange. . . . We destroy them in many ways." As for himself: "I am interested in other things. I have a good life but I must write because if I do not write a certain amount I do not enjoy the rest of my life." Kandisky: "And what do you want?" Hemingway: "To write as well as I can and learn as I go along. At the same time I have my life which I enjoy and which is a damned good life." "And you know what you want?" "Yes. . . ." "And you know what you want?" Kandisky repeats. "Absolutely, and I get it all the time."

The inflated tone was heard in Hemingway's preface, where he spoke of his attempt "to write an absolutely true book to see whether the shape of a country and the pattern of a month's action can, if truly presented, compete with a work of the imagination." There was a peculiar abstractness about this, coming from a writer who had a particular ability to render the natural world as concretely as possible. Ford Madox Ford, in the aptest tribute ever paid to Hemingway's stories, said that "Hemingway's words strike you, each one, as if they were pebbles fetched fresh from a brook. They live and shine, each in its place. So one of his pages has the effect of a brook-bottom into which you look down through the flowing water." But Hemingway now sounded as if he were Faust aiming to conquer new worlds that only he knew about: "The kind of writing that can be done. How far prose can be carried if any one is serious and has luck. There is a fourth and fifth dimension that can be gotten."

He was in his early thirties when he wrote that, but in his own mind he was already a weary old man on the sea of art, weary and alone with the skills that only he knew. Hemingway talking about other writers in *Green Hills of Africa* said that he knew the combination but that it could never be passed on; it is beyond anything and anyone. He can talk about it, for he has come close, but no one can really get it. Like the peak of Kilimanjaro in Hemingway's later story, which the leopard dead on the mountainside perhaps had tried to reach, the summit of art is in sight but unreachable. And the more, in the ensuing years, Hemingway talked about "writing truly," "well and truly," the more he showed how abstract these lessons of art had become for him. Though the implication was that the old man, the old master, old Doc Hemingway, had nobody left to compete with but himself, the truth is that Hemingway had in a sense been desolated by his own success. Everything that was valuable in his work, everything fresh and urgent that had made his words "live and shine, each in its place," had come from the young man's testing of himself on life, not from the bogus old man who was now at the center of the Hemingway legend. Hemingway had

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passed that woundable young man, he had fled him without outgrowing him.

YET there had been no need for the *writer* in Hemingway to outgrow that young man, for the testing of himself under extreme conditions of stress—the cardinal situation of Hemingway's best stories and novels—had created its sufficient drama, its sufficient heroism, its sufficient morality. The wisdom that supposedly lies in age provides excellent aphorisms, but not the passion out of which the strong things come. Hemingway's genius was personal, lyric, romantic; his work is rooted in a cycle of daring, revolt, and pain. All that is most authentic in Hemingway deals with the ordeal of some primary revolt against authority, some early wound to self-confidence that came with transgression. Hemingway's style itself is really an attempt to render, without "cheating," as he liked to say, the physical experience of initiation. Life to a boy spending long summers on the fringe of the last wilderness, "up in Michigan," came in the form of blows. Hemingway's deepest experiences were as a son, never as a father. His own father was a doctor in the respectable Chicago suburb of Oak Park—"the place where the saloons end and the churches begin." The parents were cultivated, conscientious, and reacted irritably to Ernest's restiveness. Hemingway was always in trouble with them, pitting his exuberant sense of his own physical powers against this environment; it is not strange to think of those repeated accidents as tests of his own capacity for defiance, since despite his physical venturesomeness he was easily hurt, and seems in many of his escapades—he got himself to the Italian front when he was not yet eighteen—to have been testing his father's ability to contain him.

In Hemingway's first stories, *In Our Time,* the young hero, Nick Adams, undergoes a series of initiations that Hemingway's prose significantly seeks to render as sensations. Everything that we know about life, Hemingway is saying, comes to us through early experience that later we try to escape or to rationalize or to theorize into high-sounding systems based on verbal incantation. These acute early experiences are expressed as sensations, for they are of a piercing keenness that maturity can never duplicate—they are the real stuff of art. These experiences are not generalizable. They must be rendered as separate, apparently disconnected items. This inner world of physical sensation is man's only real school of experience. Its lessons are stored up in the body; and for that reason images of it can be made into literature. Hemingway as a young man hanging around Chicago gymnasiums tried to sort out all the different smells. As an athlete and sportsman, he tried to make himself the body of his art. That is why his first stories, grounded in physical detail, make the reader feel them as personal exertions. They woke people up; they were disturbing; they made the reader fall in with rhythms in Hemingway's prose that are vaguely ominous, that suggest that something has gone wrong, that the physical balance on which we unconsciously rely has been shaken.

NOWHERE in Hemingway's work is this fundamental theme of vulnerability given clearer indication than in the last story of *In Our Time,* "Big Two-Hearted River." In this story the young man who in the other stories has been stoical to the point of incommunicability returns to a favorite trout stream in order to recover a sense of well-being that he has mysteriously lost. Where in the earlier stories the young man tested himself involuntarily and almost unconsciously, simply because he was a young man trying out his strength, in "Big Two-Hearted River" the self has become a critical issue; he has come back to see whether he can find his way back to his lost confidence. There is a hint of panic. Yet at the same time the wonderful web of detail that Hemingway puts into the look of the stream, the feel of the country, the hard walking, into the opening of cans and the heating of beans, the making of camp and the cleaning up of camp, conveys that peculiarly urgent drive to make order, to assert control, that is in the very spirit of Hemingway's art. Nowhere as in this obsessive story of light and dark, of shadow and sunlight, did Heming-

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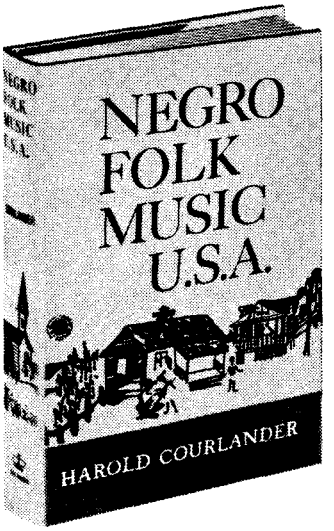

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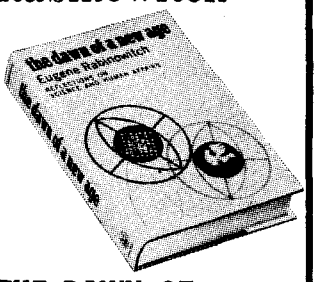

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way create so wonderful a picture of the making of his art itself—an art where the placing and spacing and sheer tactile *handling* of words represents, in its subtly labored fitness, man's only triumph over uncertainty. "Nick looked down into the pool from the bridge. It was a hot day. A kingfisher flew up the stream. It was a long time since Nick had looked into a stream and seen trout. They were very satisfactory. As the shadow of the kingfisher moved up the stream, a big trout shot upstream in a long angle, only his shadow marking the angle, then lost his shadow as he came through the surface of the water, caught the sun, and then, as he went back into the stream under the surface, his shadow seemed to float down the stream with the current, unresisting, to his post under the bridge where he tightened facing up into the current.

"Nick's heart tightened as the trout moved. He felt all the old feeling."

At the end of the story, however, Nick decides not to follow the river into the swamp—"Nick did not want to go there now. He felt a reaction against deep wading with the water deepening up to his armpits, to hook big trout in places impossible to land them. In the swamp the banks were bare, the big cedars came together overhead, the sun did not come through, except in patches: in the fast deep water, in the half light, the fishing would be tragic. In the swamp fishing was a tragic adventure. Nick did not want it. He did not want to go down the stream any further today."

IT IS NOT FANCIFUL, I think, to see in this story an image of Hemingway's compelling need to achieve a style constituted of conscious balances and achieved rhythms—a style that was learned in Paris from cubism and poetry, that became a model of invention in prose and a moral code with which to defy public treacheries. But so little could Hemingway, as a man, rest on the formal excellence of his own art that as his freshness left him, he turned the artful simplicities of his prose into sodden self-praise, and spoke of writing "well and truly." There was a nightmare: to be so famous, to be "Papa," the international character Hemingway, and yet to rest all one's sensibility on one's victories as a young man. For the old hunter with the grizzled beard, though surely worn out with many hunts, many travels, and many loves, was not wise, not sage—that was not his gift. When he spoke of other writers, it was always with bitterness. He was a king at Toots Shor's, in the gossip columns, to Gary Cooper and Marlene Dietrich, but kingship was not really his. He had no authority, he was too unsure; and everything achieved in his best work related to a single man, usually a young man, a son at last free of "culture," alone in the field or on the water. The young man eventually became an old man fishing alone on the sea; the old hunter now gratefully echoed Stonewall Jackson's saying before his death, "Let us cross the river and rest under the shade of the trees." These intimations of the final aloneness of old age could be lyrical and haunting; but there was still a young man in this old man waiting to be let out. All of Hemingway's panic at the end related to the young man who had saved his life but couldn't keep it. The freshness would last in his early work, but it couldn't be repeated.

2. Faulkner:

Back Into the Havoc

FAULKNER slipped out of life with his usual indifference to what people thought. It was an unexpected, a totally private death, unrelated to the season and to what people might have counted on in the manner of death. In the summer of 1961 Hemingway shot himself to death—the shotgun was in his mouth and he just barely managed the trigger with his big toe; it made a scene that might have been written by Hemingway himself. But Faulkner slipped out of life, the next summer, as if dying was nobody's business but his own. Flem Snopes's wife in *The Town* shot herself out of sheer boredom. There was some unmistakable indifference about Faulkner's going—he had fallen off a horse some

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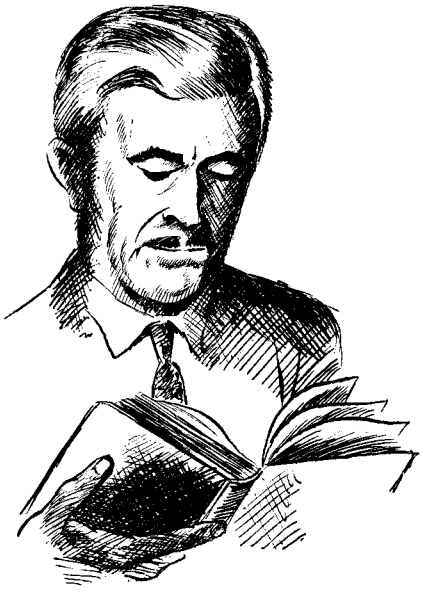
weeks before, he had been laid up; suddenly he was gone.

Slipping out that way, just after a last, funny book, he made you think of how inaccessible he had always been, unassimilable, even when he had done all the usual things—written for Hollywood, for the *Saturday Evening Post,* had gone to Latin America and to Japan to spread the good tidings that America had culture. He had been inspirational at Stockholm, he had made a clever speech at the National Book Awards, he had been a visiting professor at Virginia. He had done all the usual things, he had not played the hermit—far from it. Yet never in the least had he been like anyone else. It was as if the individual



William Faulkner remained apart from such routines and enjoyments, even when he enjoyed them. He looked and moved like a jockey—small, subtle, self-contained. He had been a volunteer pilot in the Royal Canadian Air Force, he had come home pretty badly shaken up after a test run when he was drunk to become a postmaster in Oxford; he had resigned because, in his own words, he did not propose "to be at the beck and call of every itinerant scoundrel who has two cents to invest in a postage stamp"; he had been a house painter of sorts, he had been desperate enough at times to get drunk and stay drunk in the gutters of Oxford; he had written books like *Sanctuary* while working the night shift in a boiler factory. And after years of being supposedly the most difficult and unreadable of American novelists, he had suddenly, in an age that had caught up with his stark vision of life, become the most favored. In Cartier-Bresson's photograph, one now saw him standing in front of his pillared house in Oxford, looking every inch the privileged Southerner. He counted more than Hemingway did now, and Hemingway knew it. He even patronized Hemingway and called him timid as a writer.

YET NONE of this external life mattered, except as another subject in the inner meditation of that private mind, William Faulkner. So the reader of Faulkner's novels senses that there is a soliloquy going on below and behind the dramatic action in these novels, that the frothing abstract words to which he always comes back, *avatar* and *apotheosis, indomitable* and *implacable, furious, outraged* and *unappeased,* are symbols in the continuous communion with himself. Faulkner's novels are the products of a deeply internalized sense of history; he will even open a story as if he were breaking off a meditation to address the reader. "There was a man and a dog too this time." This first line of *The Bear* orients the reader to these people, but the reference is to Faulkner's other work about this region—which in its totality represents Faulkner's attempt to put the whole human situation on the map of one county in northern Mississippi. Yet even as a totality, a human comedy that embraces hundreds of characters and that enumerates the whole history of the region from the Indian wilderness to the 1920's, the subject is only a reflection of human destiny. Not even his homeland has absolute interest for him.

Hemingway always writes straight at the reader as if his greatest aim were to present him with a picture. But Faulkner's books are parts of each other, like dreams of the same man. In some way he stands aside from the profession of books even as he writes them. Unlike Hemingway, who trained himself to write and then wrote, each time, like a champion who had to win, so that he fell apart when he could no longer write to his satisfaction, Faulkner gave the

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impression first of not writing for anybody, then of not knowing whether he had an audience, and finally of not caring what this audience thought. He stood apart, musing, questioning, engaged in a special sense, living not by the aesthetic will but by a surrender to his own thought in all its ramifications and contradictions. Wherever his thought took him, he would go; like Oxford, his own mind was a place he could always go back to. Even when he got up to address an audience, he would speak in an inaudible monotone like a man in prayer—he would address the audience, but by God he would not make any special effort to communicate with it. He just did not function by "communicating"; he could not put himself in the place of an audience or a reader.

YET FAULKNER'S extraordinary ability to suggest the inner consciousness of his characters would not have been possible without his own willingness to surrender to the vagaries of human thought, without his instinct for the mysterious logic of human consciousness. The concentrated effort that Hemingway made in the reader's direction perhaps broke down because, like all excessive effort by the will, it represented mistrust of the man's unconscious resources and so alienated him from himself. Faulkner often went in for private jokes and a rhetoric so self-indulgent that it was clownish. But when you grasp in *The Sound and the Fury* the actual life experience of Benjy and Quentin and Jason, in *Light in August* the dream obsessing Joe Christmas as he runs in a state of sleep ahead of the posse, you feel that for once fiction has expressed the unconscious strife of our lives, not a literary personification of *the* "unconscious." There is no more moving expression of unarticulated suffering than the idiot Benjy's description in *The Sound and the Fury* of frightening a girl on her way back from school. "I was trying to say, and I caught her, trying to say, and she screamed and I was trying to say and trying and the bright shapes began to stop and I tried to get out. I tried to get it off my face, but the bright shapes were going again. They were going up the hill to where it fell away and I tried to cry. But when I breathed in, I couldn't breathe out again to cry and I tried to keep from falling off the hill and I fell off the hill into the bright, whirling shapes." Each Compson, as he speaks, brings home the dream that is continually present in our consciousness. The relating of this dream to the dramatic world of human action is the function of literature. Faulkner at his best, in *The Sound and the Fury,* creates the sense of authenticity that comes only when form, style, and tone seem to grow out of each other. Even the breakdown of grammatical coherence becomes a whirlwind of inner creatingness that the reader wants to be equal to. In Faulkner all sentences are really the moments of a single sentence. All history makes up a single past. This past is completed, but its reverberations inside the human mind are continuous. All one's effort as a man must be to understand what *has* been done, what is the meaning of the saga that must be lived out before it can be told.

IN THE BEGINNING was the deed. Man was given "one anonymous chance to perform something passionate and brave and austere not just in but into man's enduring chronicle . . . in gratitude for the gift of time in it." He could realize his experience, but only after he had lived it. The doing and the realizing are inaccessible to each other, and this is the human tragedy—the heart is blind, hot, passionate, and ambitious beyond anything we can admit or express, mad for glory and mad to acquire. Man explodes himself in the service of his passions, his ambition constantly destroys the society he thinks the foundation of moral order. Yet once the deed is done, is irrevocable, he has to put the story together by thought—the unavailing thought of the artist or chronicler going back into the havoc created by the past.

Faulkner's idea of the relation between thought and action is surely an apology for the South. In *The Bear* the saintly hunter Ike McCaslin and his cousin McCaslin Edmonds, going over the records of the eccentric twin uncles in slave times who did try to alleviate the condi-

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tion of their slaves, agree with each other that slavery put a curse on the land that had been given to man as God's free gift. Man rushed slaves into the South with the same heedlessness and pride with which he tried to claim the land itself—the land which the Indians knew they did not really own. The act of appropriation in Faulkner, whether it is the individual's act or the collective act of the race, is blind; it is the blood speaking, and over this act *heedless* and *proud,* as Faulkner would say, the actor later stands *amazed.* Action and recognition are fatally separate; man is a creature of passions over which his rational will has no dominion. But the retrospect of history is man's only real power of understanding. And the humility and charity that come with this awareness, symbolized in Ike McCaslin's development from the boy eager to play an honorable role in the hunt to the old Ike who detaches himself from all ties and comes to love the wilderness for its own sake, constitute Faulkner's deepest belief, which is that virtue is powerless, that virtue intervenes only when power is gone. The South before the Civil War, at the peak of its glory, is unconscious of the burdens of memory which its grandchildren will be struggling with all their lives. Faulkner, a descendant of the slavocracy, feels older to himself than his grandfathers do, for *his* burden of awareness makes him a seasoned old man by temperament, contemplative and alone, by contrast with the Jeb Stuarts and other romantic Confederate leaders who in his work appear dashing, young, suicidally romantic and innocent. They rushed into war, they took on an opponent clearly stronger than themselves, they were magnificent in their folly. They rode about being dashing and brave as if civil war, their war, could prove the advantage of "character" over iron and steel.

No wonder that one occasionally hears in Faulkner the wish that the past had never happened—or what for a Southerner can be the same thing, that the Civil War is still in the balance, that the worst hasn't yet happened and perhaps won't. A boy in the South can still wish for that. "For every Southern boy four-

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Acrostician—
LINUS PAULING

teen years old, not once but whenever he wants it, there is the instant when it's still not two o'clock on that July afternoon in 1863, the brigades are in position behind the rail fence, the guns are laid and ready in the woods and the furled flags are already loosened to break out and Pickett himself with his long oiled ringlets and his hat in one hand probably and his sword in the other looking up the hill waiting for Longstreet to give the word and it's all in the balance, it hasn't happened yet. . . ." The deepest expression of this longing to revoke the past is put into the mouth of poor Mrs. Hines, grandmother of the murderer Joe Christmas, when she says in *Light in August:* "I am not saying that he never did what they say he did. Ought not to suffer for it like he made them that loved and lost suffer. But if folks could maybe just let him for one day. Like it hadn't happened yet. Like the world never had anything against him yet. If it could be like that for one day." So intense is Faulkner's belief that thought is rumination over a past completed, final, irrevocable, that in the famous middle section of *The Bear,* incidents of slavekeeping are recited from the uncles' account books by their descendants, Ike McCaslin and McCaslin Edmonds, who go over the records together as if they were chanting the past in wonder and grief. *Moby Dick,* that other great "hunting" story in our literature, represents man's will to dominate nature; but *The Bear* suggests that history is only retrospect, and that man must tell over and again the story of his fatal will until he finds the missing thread that will explain the past to him. *The Bear* is a story about time, which is man's only chance for understanding himself. At any point, as happens in this middle section of *The Bear,* a man can take down the ledgers of the past and uncover the story. But though the past can be stopped like a movie reel and rerun like film, over and again, it cannot be changed, it can only be meditated and retold. Each of us, as we review the past, becomes as old as thought itself as we look at our younger selves blindly rushing through the past. And this is what makes the final moral development of Ike McCaslin in *The Bear* so beautiful a legend itself, for admitting that slavery was a curse, Ike lightens himself of its burden; he becomes his own redeemer. This growth is possible only when the chronicle of man's past lives in a man's mind as if he had lived all of it and were now responsible to all of it.

Surely it is this that explains the attempt, in *The Bear,* to make a single sentence out of many pages. Faulkner's writing, as in this famous instance, is often accountable only to the laws of his own thought, and there are single units in his writing —sentences, paragraphs, pages— which are great waves of passion, recrimination, anguish, and doubt, beating, perhaps to no avail, against the fatal rock of man's past. For there *was* a great guilt incurred in the South, a curse *was* put on the land that was given to all men freely to enjoy. Faulkner does not excuse this guilt, he does not apologize for it, he does not evade it—man must live with himself. Man's immortality, if he can be said to have one at all, reaches into the past, not into the future: it lies in a tragic sense of history, not in the hope offered by religion. The peculiar parallels to Christ that Faulkner finds in certain of his characters, like Benjy in *The Sound and the Fury* or Joe Christmas in *Light in August,* refer to those who have escaped the common guilt by reason of some disability—those who have never lived, because they have been entirely victims of other people. Those who act, who have acted, those who in imagination one can still see riding across the screen of history, can never alter the course of action. Jean-Paul Sartre was right when he said that Faulkner cuts off the future. That is his only significant fault, for to see the past as unchangeable is really to confess that one is bound up too much with it, that one is too loyal to the past, that one must be forever old in spirit in order not to betray those who were rash in their youth. In no other writer does this obligation to the past betray its rigidity so much as in this greatest Southern writer—who more than most writers has interrogated the Southern past and has not been able to escape it in one moment of thought.

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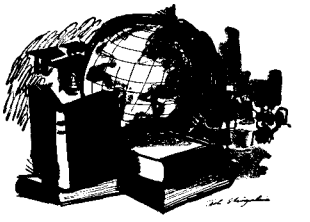

The Only Escape

JOHN WILLIAM WARD

THE AMERICANS: A NEW HISTORY OF THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES, by Oscar Handlin. *Atlantic-Little, Brown. $6.95.*

"Out to the limitless distance ran the ocean," Professor Handlin begins this wide-screen treatment of the American spectacular, and we stand with the explorers in Europe on the edge of the unknown. Hundreds of years and hundreds of pages later, we stand at the edge of the oceans of outer space, come full circle to the conclusion that "space and the freedom to move in it" are the American heritage and that we must risk the perils of outer space "or be helplessly lost."

The Americans is an instance of a genre rare in our historical writing, the *haute vulgarisation* more congenial to the French intellectual than to the American. Handlin's earlier venture into this genre, *The Uprooted,* justly won a Pulitzer prize in 1952. Out of the many varieties of immigrant experience he had studied since his first book in 1941, *Boston's Immigrants,* he abstracted an ideal type and caught the anonymous sequences of social history in the metaphor of the uprooted. Now, after another cycle, he has turned once again from his particular, academic labors to draw the design of a much more capacious structure, one intended to house no less than the experience of the entire American people from the moment Columbus stumbled on a new world down to the moment Americans plan to launch themselves out into the new world of space.

Indeed, the dominant theme of *The Americans* is the constant and repeated venture forth into the new and the unknown. In its turn, the major theme generates a necessary opposite, the endless and unfulfilled search for order. So the grand vistas of the beginning and the end of Handlin's story are dramatic in more than the vulgar sense. The Americans, building their rockets for the venture into limitless space, are the inevitable sons of those incipient Americans who burst out of the closed space of Europe. In the beginning was the end, as in all well-wrought drama, but as the play unfolds one discovers an unwitting, desperate irony in the conclusion.

THE WILDERNESS proved uncongenial to remembered concepts of social and political order. According to Handlin's version of the American experience, "Neither church nor family, nor any other institution, survived the crossing intact." In the search for social order and emotional security, Americans turned their backs on tradition and the past and faced an unknown future, confident that trial and error and common sense were enough to make that future grand. "A situation that compelled men who cherished security constantly to seek out and to take risks formed the character of Americans." The abundance of a world to be plundered underwrote the hope that every man had a reasonable chance of reward and translated the stresses and anxieties of a precarious present into the hopes and dreams of a glorious future. Then, when the millennium seemed so near, "the dream of perfection" dissolved into the "spectral nightmare" of fratricidal war, the bitter fruit of "some inner inadequacy."

Up to that conventional intermis-

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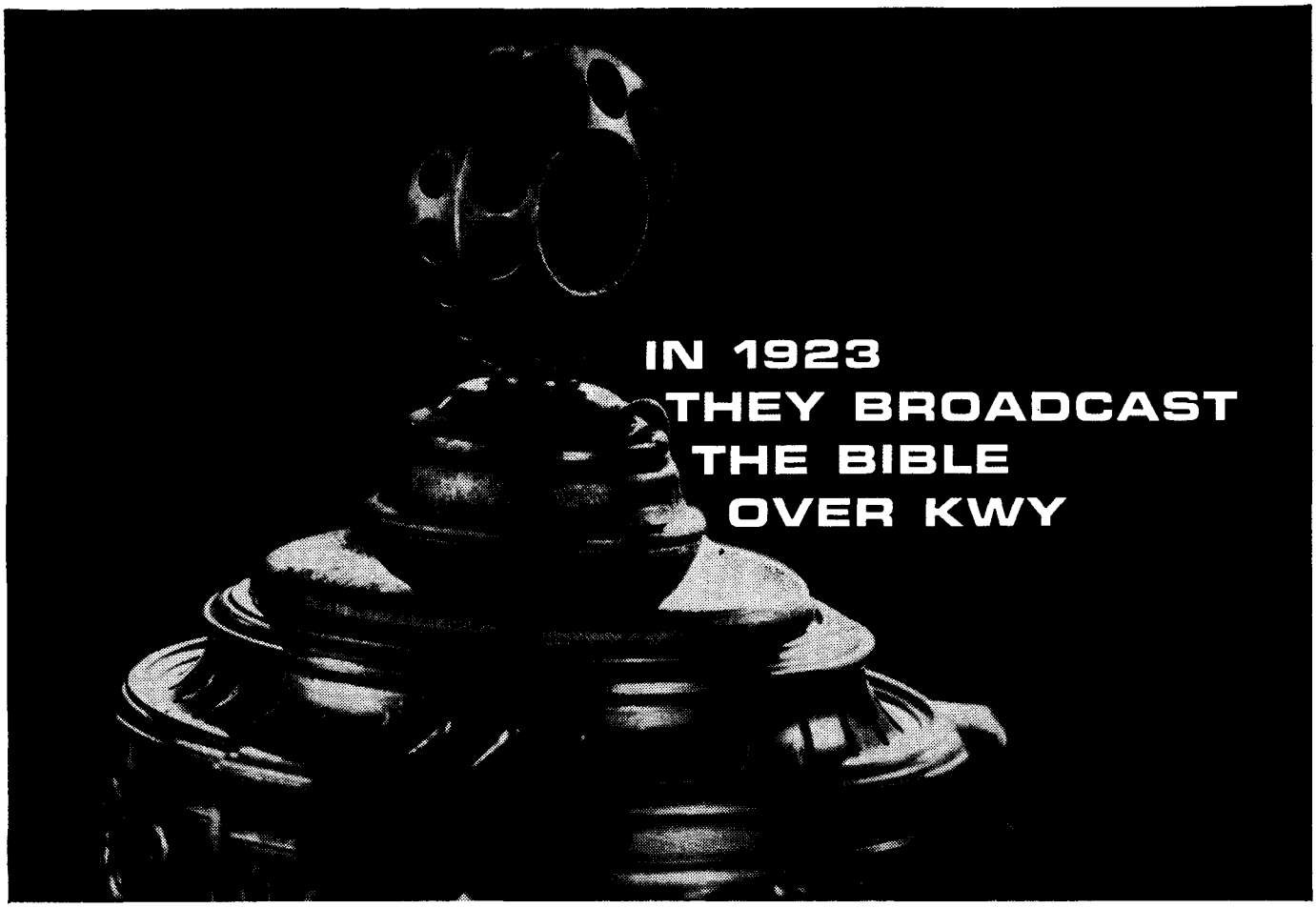
GREAT MOMENTS AT CHICAGO



In 1923, The University of Chicago Press published Dr. Edgar Johnson Goodspeed's THE NEW TESTAMENT: AN AMERICAN TRANSLATION. Widely discussed, hotly attacked, it caused an immediate sensation. Dozens of newspapers published it serially; Chicago radio station KWY broadcast extensive selections. Proving in arduous research that the original text had been written in *colloquial* Greek, Dr. Goodspeed translated The New Testament into living *everyday* language!

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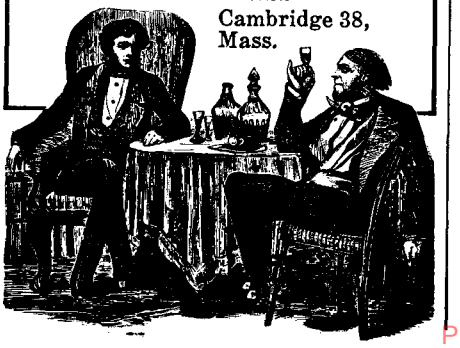

sion, the Civil War, the drama moves with the remorseless fate of high tragedy. Then it collapses into hurried tableaus of frustrated promises, defeated expectations, and sentimental rhetoric. The new sources of power in the machine, the raw cities of an industrial economy, the wave upon wave of immigrants, all darkened the dream of the good society. Without stopping to plan where they were going, by 1900 the Americans had filled a continent and built an industrial economy of tremendous capacity only to find themselves, at the moment they discovered they constituted a power in the world, unsure of the uses of the power they had created. They were only sure that they were Americans, and a strident and rhetorical "Americanism" was all they had in common: "The patriotism that masqueraded as Americanism was . . . the reaction of dissatisfied men."

As THE PLOT moves to the present, Handlin's style becomes staccato, hurried, disjointed. Perhaps he means it to be, trying by mimicry to dramatize the disorder he discovers. "The frontier had disappeared, but movement continued, less coherent, less directed, less purposeful than formerly." Americans moved "confusedly" into a Second World War they did not want and did not understand. Roosevelt did not understand the hostile intentions of Communism and "pretended they did not exist. . . . His countrymen were as confused as he." Americans either denied reality altogether or asked a question that "now had no clear answer": what did they want their country to be? A war economy and a postwar arms race generated a lopsided affluence but the suburbanite and the slum dweller still "shared the inability to see themselves in any meaningful relationship to the whole society." Into a political vacuum created by "a growing lack of faith in politics" moved freebooters like McCarthy, and into an emotional vacuum moved the soothing belief of the power of positive thinking. "The questions that really concerned men remained unasked."

With a brutal world of disorder closing in upon Americans, the only way open is either retreat into the self-indulgent, split-level security of private satisfaction or the challenge of moving on as "men in space, headed for great achievement or great disaster." Why Americans should want to go to "newer worlds" is, Handlin admits, difficult to explain, "as difficult to explain as it had been for Columbus 470 years earlier." Perhaps competition with the Russians, or the sheer desire to prove it could be done, or aimless discontent and "the inability to make more immediate use of available energy."

The historian finally comes to the conclusion that the Americans have solved their problems by ignoring them; they have escaped the battles to be fought by passing them by on the other side and moving on to new fronts. The only escape left is to flee into the unimaginable reaches of space. Handlin's tone is hortatory but his conclusion is desperate. Where else would one want these Americans of his but on the chill wastes of the moon?

The mute question at the end of *The Americans* is not whether we will once again run away from ourselves but whether we will at last turn back and, accepting all the terrible complexity of the modern world, try to create a society to serve the needs of human beings here and now. No historian can answer that question. Only the Americans can.

Sand Against The Wind

ANNE FREMANTLE

IN PRAISE OF ENLIGHTENMENT, by Albert Salomon. *World Publishing Company. Meridian Books. $2.95.*

In this original paperback, made up of eighteen essays, all but two of which are reprints, one from as long ago as 1932, Dr. Albert Salomon quotes Immanuel Kant's definition of enlightenment as "the departure of mankind from its self-inflicted immaturity." Starting with an essay on Stoicism as a way to freedom and on its influence upon a subsequent selection of philosophers and social scientists, from Erasmus through de Tocqueville, Dr. Salomon shows the

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development of sociology, from the extension of the concept of man as capable of redeeming himself by sound reasoning, not beholden to divine grace, to the Saint-Simonian view of the "total social situation" where men live only "with, for, and against one another" without benefit —or curse—of divinity. In his final two chapters, however, as in his epilogue, Dr. Salomon seems to bring the wheel of intellectual experience full circle. For he apparently abandons Stoic self-sufficiency and concludes that in human history "the religious experience is the axis around which all other experience revolves."

Pascal had cursed Stoicism for its "contemptible pride in human self-sufficiency." But the influence of Epictetus, Dr. Salomon declares, has been paramount among independent intellectuals, anti-Christian thinkers, and philosophers of a subjective cast. Among these is Erasmus, whom Dr. Salomon opposes to Luther, since Erasmus could not believe anyone has a monopoly of religious truth, nor that anyone was justified in practicing fanaticism. He also brings out the differences and the affinities between Machiavelli and Erasmus. For Erasmus, as for Lord Acton later, power was always a source of evil; for Machiavelli it was the one and only reality. Yet for all Erasmus's humanism, the individual for him was not an end in itself but the viceroy of a kingdom enlarged by the establishment of spiritual liberty. Dr. Salomon shows Erasmus as a true citizen of the world, single-minded in his devotion to peace, for whom it was the objective of all human endeavor, individual or collective. Peace, moreover, was based on freedom, not only on the internal freedom postulated by Stoic and Christian alike, but on external social and educational freedom. This truly Christian liberty must somehow coexist here with the persecution it inevitably brings upon itself, since human nature will never change.

After Erasmus, still trailing medieval and even feudal presuppositions, comes Hugo Grotius, with his relativistic transformation of the absolute system of ethics: "What is good and moral depends on the requirements of specific structures or

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situations," and rights can be established "only when they give man something which he recognizes as his own." Yet Grotius held—with Pope Pius XII!—that it is a higher virtue to abandon one's right than to defend it, where the welfare of all is threatened by war. Such a beginning of international thinking arose, Dr. Salomon thinks, from Grotius's optimistic belief that natural law "results from, and is the manifestation of, human nature as innate right reason." For Grotius, reason is the very essence of God the Creator.

THE ENLIGHTENMENT proper began, Dr. Salomon tells us, with Fontenelle, whose major works were published between 1684 and 1688. It ended on November 10, 1793, the day that Reason was enthroned in Notre Dame. A brief hundred years, a sort of hurricane's eye for the human spirit, between absolute monarchy's end and absolute revolution's beginning, between the divine right of kings and the triumph of the sovereign people.

Over the civilized secular saints of the Enlightenment, such as Montesquieu, towers the philosopher-poet: in Goethe's view the historical process and all historical action constitute "a sphere of human stupidity, low ambitions, and vanity." One "modern" characteristic of the philosophers of the Enlightenment is their pessimism: for Montesquieu, the reason men build such enduring tyrannies is that the security of misery is better than the misery of insecurity; for Adam Smith, man's natural situation is less than bearable. Political institutions are, therefore, says Dr. Salomon, "relatively best establishments" (whatever that may mean).

Mankind, T. S. Eliot remarked, "cannot bear very much reality." With Henri Bergson and Emile Durkheim, the numinous, which had been swept out by the social sciences, came creeping back. As Blake put it:

Mock on, mock on, Voltaire, Rousseau;
Mock on, 'tis all in vain!
You throw the sand against the wind,
And the wind blows it back again.

In all these essays in the history of ideas, what, finally, has Dr. Salomon been telling us? That whenever we let go of Nurse, the something worse that materializes is nothing more or less than our own revolting and revolted nature. Drowning in his own dirt, man wriggles back to the "possible meaningful discoveries concerning the human scene" offered by religion. It is not a pretty picture: the starry-eyed revolutionary atheist of one century whining his way back as a spiritual sociologist seeking the goods of mind and spirit barely a century later. But the round trip is interesting and Dr. Salomon keeps the reader on his toes.

It is a pity that Dr. Salomon has been so badly edited. Since English is not his mother tongue, care should have been taken not merely to eliminate the repetitions which naturally occur when essays on the same subject, written for different magazines at different times, are juxtaposed but also to correct grammar and diction. Alas! Dr. Salomon's own strictures on Saint-Simon's French apply to his English: "There is rarely a well-balanced grammatical style either in punctuation or in sentence structure." Surely these essays were worth reprinting, but they also were worth editing.

The Gentle Despots

SAREL EIMERL

THE FALL OF THE HOUSE OF HABSBURG, by Edward Crankshaw. *Viking. $7.50.*

It is always tempting for a historian to sneer at the stupidities of monarchs and statesmen, suggesting, by implication, how much more intelligently he would have behaved in their place. The ramshackle Austro-Hungarian Empire and the Emperor Franz Josef who ruled it from 1848 to 1916 are particularly alluring targets. At home, the energies of the various racial groups were absorbed and wasted in chronic internecine struggles. Abroad, Franz Josef allowed himself to be provoked into war in Italy, was defeated at Solferino in 1859, and lost most of his Italian provinces. Then he was pro-

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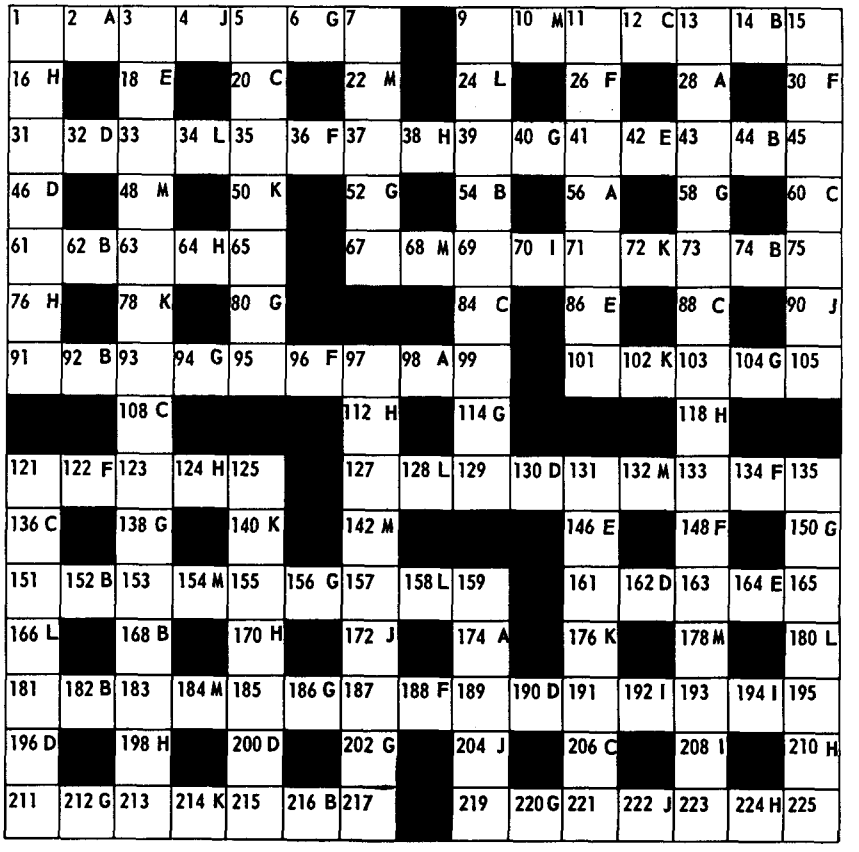
THE REPORTER Puzzle

Acrostickler No. 91

by HENRY ALLEN

DIRECTIONS

1) Each crossword definition contains two clues. One is a conventional synonym; the other a pun, anagram, or play on words.
2) Letters from the acrostic should be transferred to the corresponding squares in the crossword, and vice versa.
3) The initial letters of the correct words in the acrostic will, when read down, spell out the name of a prominent person: the Acrostician.



A
56 2 28 174 98 City of the Acrostician (French sp.)

B
182 92 152 54 14 44 62 168 74 216 Currently popular television program.

C
88 60 12 20 84 108 206 136 State in which Ypsilanti is located.

D
196 200 130 190 46 162 32 "Now is this golden crown like a deep well / That owes two buckets filling one another; / The _____ever dancing in the air." Shakespeare, "Richard II."

E
164 86 18 146 42 A basket or bag (Australian).

F
148 26 36 188 122 96 30 134 "I must become a _____of the night / For a dark hour or twain." Shakespeare, "Macbeth."

G
52 150 40 58 80 156 138 202 104 6 94 186 212 220 114 One of the necessities for the sacrament of the Mass (11,4).

H
210 64 38 112 224 16 170 198 124 76 118 What people under pressure suffer from (5,6).

I
194 208 70 192 Genus of herbs of the goosefoot family.

J
4 90 204 222 172 "Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you_____upon him." Charles Lamb, "Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading."

K
72 78 214 50 176 140 102 That which sets bounds.

L
24 166 34 180 158 128 To trust or rely on (Scottish).

M
48 184 132 22 68 154 10 142 178 A play by Shaw (with "The") (5,4).

ACROSS

1. Bailiwick of the Acrostician.
9. More elaborate for the aficionado.
31. Respectable minorities in a mathematical sort of way? (6,9).
61. Scored when a rodent leads off!
67. Trial run if you throw your weight about (4,5).
91. Drown one and many in a one-time expression (5,4).
101. What a horse does that's corrupt in the middle.
121. Midwesterner is pale at last.
127. But these sheets may be at the beginning of a book too! (3,6).
151. Agreed in a New England town at first (rare).
161. British city is slender, but a small number depart.
181. What better hopes for U.N. members? (3,6,4,2).
211. "It's dim," says he, and it discourages.
219. Went in the tree den.

DOWN

1. I sprain my brain. Take this for the pain.
3. Poor sports in victory sing with a winter goal. (8,7).
5. Class of rare birds are hide or hair nowhere.
7. Left a cauldron of hot water for a trial.
9. Five hundred left, said to be even laterally (4-5).
11. No paroxysm or no good tailoring job? (3,1,3).
13. The right bee emotion prevails when I outbid a rival (1,2,3, 3,6).
15. Singers? Each one gives up.
97. Go too formally in an outer garment.
121. The incident lost a point but still aroused.
125. The wood-rat family has a name too.
131. What a Burns man is, in summary, neglecting the dialect (3,4).
135. Hang with finality in conclusion.
159. A Ferrara family has a broken steed.

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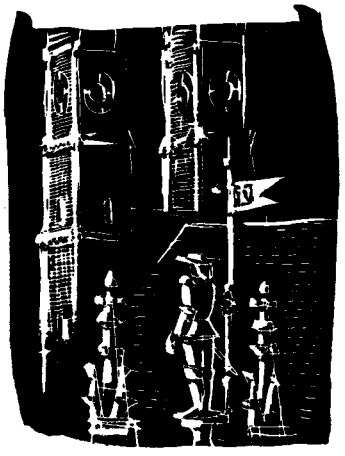
voked into war by Prussia, defeated at Königgrätz in 1866, and robbed of influence in Germany. Then he became involved in a power struggle with Russia in the Balkans and was provoked into imperialist moves against Serbia which were pointless because the Hungarians would not allow any more Slavs into the Empire and disastrous because they brought on the First World War and led to the breakup of the Empire.

This sorry catalogue of disasters is especially easy to condemn if the historian is a western liberal. He can pour scorn on Franz Josef on two counts; because he continued to behave for seventy years as an imperialistic despot, and because he did it badly. This is the conventional view, presented forcefully by the distinguished British historian A. J. P. Taylor in *The Habsburg Monarchy, 1809-1918*. According to Professor Taylor, Franz Josef was "slow-witted, obstinate, and ambitious . . . a mixture of stupidity and guile." His only concern was for the dynasty and its instrument, the army. But he allowed his army to be commanded by incompetent generals who lost all their battles. Moreover, Franz Josef, the autocrat, refused to allow his peoples any political responsibility, with the inevitable result that they were kept from developing any sense of identification with the Empire, which consequently had no "mission." The Italians had a mission—to unify Italy. The Germans had a mission—to unify Germany. The Russians had a mission—to expand Russian power. But the many nationalities of the Habsburg Empire were prevented by autocratic perversity from developing a mission, and for lack of it the Empire finally disintegrated under its own dead weight—and good riddance, too.

MR. CRANKSHAW, the Russian correspondent of the London *Observer*, covers almost the same period as does Professor Taylor, but he resists the temptation to sneer. His book is not only an admirable example of tolerance; it is also good entertainment. Mr. Crankshaw is blessed with the gift, rare among historians, of giving his characters dimension and his narrative drama. For a scholarly work on such a complex subject, his history is astonishingly easy and enjoyable to read.

His first achievement is to make Franz Josef seem human. He portrays him as stiff and autocratic but also as shy and lonely, a confused man brought up to believe that he must always appear strong, yet actually in continual torment. Franz Josef's life, in fact, was a tragedy on every count. At the age of eighteen, he suddenly found himself emperor, with Hungary and Vienna in revolt. As soon as the revolutions were crushed, he was engaged in power struggles on all sides. At the same time, he was caught in the middle of a vicious petticoat war between his domineering mother, Sophie, and his neurotic young wife, Elizabeth. By the time Sophie died, Elizabeth was



spending most of her time hunting in Ireland or in seclusion in a palace on Corfu. Later, his only son, Prince Rudolf, killed himself. So much for the Emperor's private life.

His public life was spent grappling with difficult problems that culminated in crushing disasters. Most of his critics, however, might not have done any better. Franz Josef, as Professor Taylor hardly bothers to remember, was a Habsburg, brought up to believe in autocracy. Even if he had tried to give his peoples political responsibility, there is no reason to believe that he could have succeeded. Each racial group was concerned only in extending its own power; none was interested in collaborating to sustain the Empire. Czechs fought against Germans, Serbs against Croats, the Magyars against everybody, and they continued their suicidal squabbles even after the Empire was dissolved. The supreme proof of their squalid selfishness came in 1938 when Poland and Hungary both seized their chance to nip pieces off the carcass of Czechoslovakia when their own doom was imminent.

IT IS certainly true that Franz Josef made appalling blunders in refusing to retreat from Italy or to take a stand in Germany, and by trying to compensate for his losses of Italian territory by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina, the act that led inexorably to the showdown with Serbia. Mr. Crankshaw concedes all this, but here too he remains understanding. As a Habsburg, Franz Josef considered that his principal duty was to preserve his hereditary Empire—estate might be a better word—intact. Who can blame him for not succumbing to the nationalist sentiments of 1848? By the late 1800's, the dynastic Empire had outlived its time and had reached the stage of dissolution. A genius might have held it together for a few years longer, might even have converted it into a kind of commonwealth. Franz Josef was not such a genius, but then, as Mr. Crankshaw asks, how many people are?

Nor is it fair to jeer at Franz Josef and his Empire for not having a mission: from 1866 to 1914, it avoided war. Describing Austria prior to 1848, Mr. Crankshaw speaks of "music, the theatre, café-chatter, eating and drinking, dressing-up, above all dancing. . . . It may be asked," he goes on, "what more could anyone want in the brief sparrow-flight from the cradle to the grave? Most people asked no more, and it was more than most people can enjoy today." Many inhabitants of the Empire were able to enjoy those pleasures until 1914. After the war, the work of the nationalist missionaries bore their fullest fruit. Cavour and Bismarck were followed by Mussolini, Hitler, and Stalin, and the final result, after a Second World War and a few revolutions, is that the people of the Habsburg Empire are living under an autocracy far more severe than Franz Josef ever dreamed of. The lesson of Mr. Crankshaw's excellent history is that in the hierarchy of political evils, the easygoing paternal despotism of an eighteenth-century monarch occupies a very lowly place.

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Dear Uncle Sam:

May we ask about an item on page 167?

Under "Rural Electrification Administration" an item calls for $425,000,000 in loans to rural electric cooperatives.

And by referring to previous editions of your budget book, we note that this amount has been steadily and sharply increasing over the past several years. As an example, in 1952 the appropriation amounted to $175,000,000.

Yet electricity now flows in plentiful supply throughout rural America. To accomplish this, investor-owned power companies worked together with co-ops financed by the Rural Electrification Administration (REA), a lending bureau of the Federal Government.

Except for the necessary maintenance and "heavying up" of existing REA-financed systems to provide for increasing use of electricity, the mission of getting electricity to rural America is accomplished.

What then explains this massive and continually increasing expenditure for the REA?

We realize this is not a simple, black-and-white matter. But we do believe this item ought to be carefully evaluated.

REA loan money is put out at 2% interest, and electric co-ops pay no Federal income tax. Are loans being offered under these conditions to encourage the building of power plants and transmission lines where they are not needed?

Are REA appropriations being used, contrary to the intent of Congress, to help develop a Federal power system?

Are REA-financed co-ops being urged to expand into urban and industrial service not contemplated by their original authorization?

Is REA money being passed on unnecessarily to industrial plants to finance power-using equipment?

We have two reasons for urging a close examination of these matters. First, we have worked with the co-ops harmoniously and in the public interest for many years. And in the interests of continuing that excellent relationship, we believe a clear understanding of what the REA in Washington is trying to do will help both the co-ops and ourselves.

Second, Uncle Sam, you're asking us citizens for more than a hundred billion dollars this year, and even that won't pay the bills. So shouldn't every nonessential expense be eliminated? To paraphrase a saying, if we look after the millions, the billions will take care of themselves.

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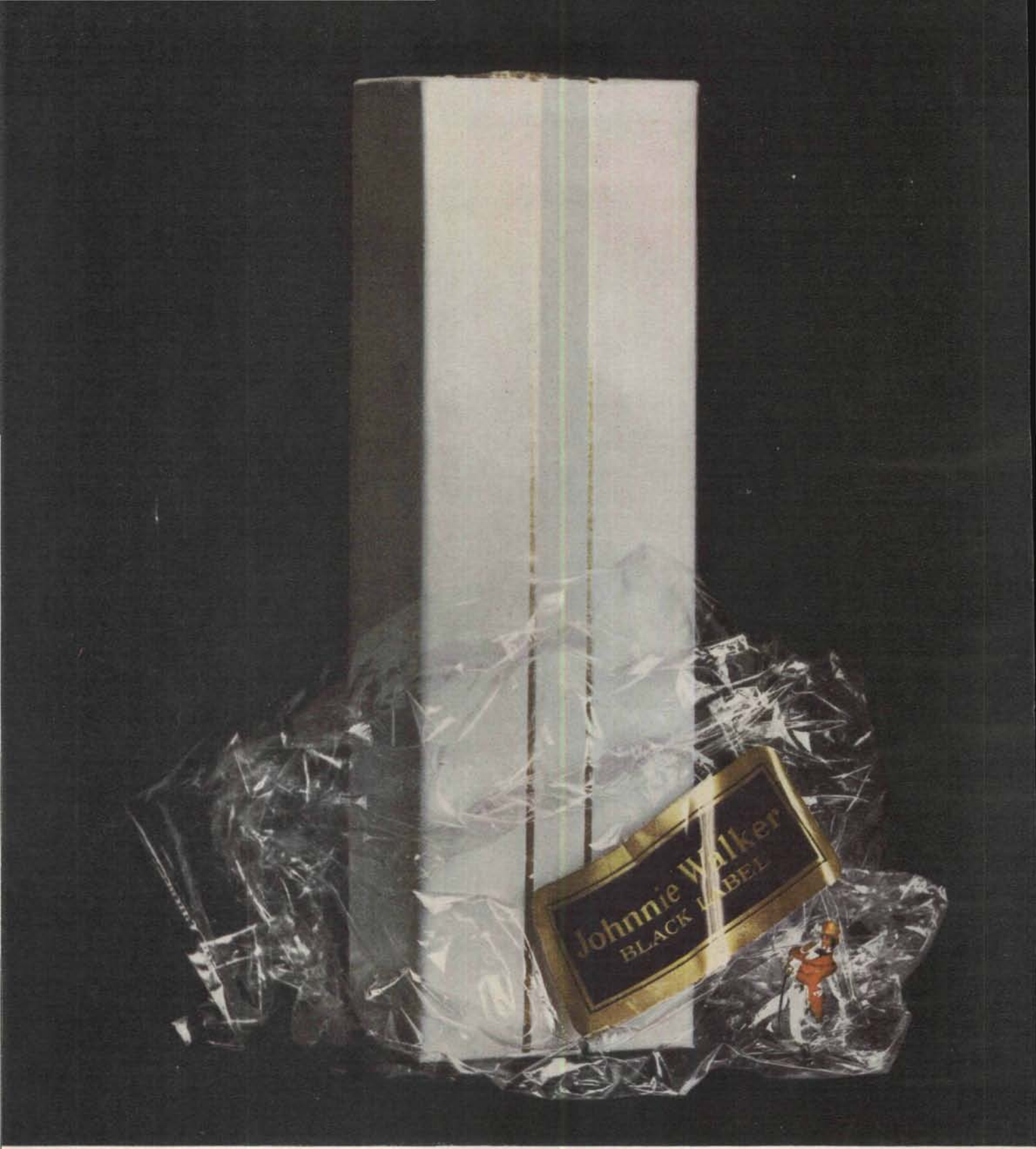

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